

messing
about in
BOATS

Volume 30 – Number 12

April 2013

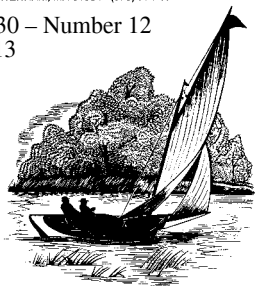
Special Features This Issue
Lines in the Sand - That Sinking Feeling
Building a Two-Week Skiff - The Catenate Project
Valgerda...A Critique - Dave Gentry's Boats



messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 30 – Number 12
April 2013



US subscription price is \$32 for one year. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request

Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043

Telephone is 978-774-0906

There is no machine

Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:

Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Lines in the Sand
- 12 That Sinking Feeling
- 15 Casco Bay Kayak Cruise 1989
- 16 Second Trip to Dry Tortugas
- 18 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: Three Very Different Cruises
- 22 Humorous Waterfront Tales
- 24 Don Backe of C.R.A.B.
- 25 Age of Discovery: Part 1
- 26 Beyond the Horizon
- 28 DCA: The Mersey Clipper Dinghy One Design
- 30 St Mary's Bay Chronicles No 4: The Trouble with Precious
- 32 Edoak Electric Skiff
- 33 *Oliver Hazard Perry*
- 34 *Blackchin II*
- 35 Windling World: Of Pretty Boats Elixirs Sough and Matters Many!
- 36 Valgerda: A Critique
- 38 Do-It-Yourself Boat Building
- 39 Dave Gentry's Boats
- 40 Bolger on Design: His Very First Column in *MAIB*
- 42 Winter Doings
- 44 Building a 2-Week Skiff
- 46 WindRider
- 47 The Catenate Project
- 48 In My Shop
- 49 The Apprentice
- 49 Winter Shop Work in Buffalo
- 50 What's in a Name?
- 51 Trade Directory
- 57 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

2 – *Messing About in Boats*, April 2013



Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

One of the almost daily rewards of doing this magazine is reading the notes that come in, many written on renewal letters. I publish some of these under "This Magazine" on the "You write to us..." pages. I want to share the praise that is so rewarding to us not only with you, but also with anyone not already a reader who may come across a copy and happen to read what many of you think about the magazine. Without all the color and graphic wallpaper commonplace in today's magazines it's hard to get the attention of possible new readers. They gotta READ this magazine to understand its appeal to those already with us. Reading the appreciative view of an existing reader could be the necessary persuader to take a closer look.

A recent letter not connected with a renewal form took a different approach. Susan Gateley, a professional writer (she has had several books published!) undertook to write to *Good Old Boat* about us, extolling our overall appeal while describing our less than professional approach to doing this. If you are not familiar with *Good Old Boat*, it is the magazine you MUST HAVE if you own, or lust after, fiberglass cruising sailboats from the '60s and '70s, boats that are a dime a dozen out there at far less cost than today's equivalents. You can learn more by googling *Good Old Boat Magazine*. They describe themselves as "the magazine for the rest of us," my kind of magazine were I into those boats. I dunno how many of their readers would find what we offer a good fit for their passion, but I do appreciate Susan's effort on our behalf.

I do want to share with you a few of her observations about us:

"This little all black and white periodical printed on matte paper might best be termed quirky." I like that, being quirky fits my self image of being far out of the mainstream. Been there since 1960 or so and loved every minute of it.

"It relies on reprints and unpaid reader submissions, which appear to run with little if any editing." Right on, it's all about YOUR STORIES, from wherever they may come. And editing all this diversity to fit some concept of editorial "style" is anathema to me, I want them to sound like you speaking, not like me rephrasing what you have to say into a homogenized impersonal tale.

"Yet the eclectic if admittedly uneven quality of tales about boats and use of same keeps us turning the pages and renewing our subscription." Yeah, that's what we like to hear, fellow travelers on this lesser traveled course afloat in boats.

Susan then goes on to list some recent content to illustrate her description. And amongst these is, "and an account of yours

truly on an adventure in boat buying in Long Beach Harbor that ultimately led us to eBay and the purchase of *Sara B*, a 50-year-old gaff rigged schooner." Enlightened self interest, perhaps, OK with me again as I wish any or all of you so inclined to share your small boat stories with the rest of us.

In this issue we have some good examples:

On page 6, "Lines in the Sand" is a tale of three college students cruising England's Norfolk Broads, home waters of Arthur Ransome's *Swallows and Amazons*. They didn't know much about sailing and it was sort of a "roughing it afloat" adventure, but what fun! Duck-works passed it on to us several years ago and it just turned up in an almost forgotten file."

Page 12 has Ray Hartjen's cautionary tale, "That Sinking Feeling." Ray, who today heads up the East End Classic Boat Society on outer Long Island, felt it was time to talk about his multiple experiences filling his lifetime's supply of boats with water

Page 18 carries our 25 Years Ago in *MAIB* story, "Three Very Different Cruises," this one in turn copied from Seattle's Center for Wooden Boats newsletter from that era. The Center's founder, Dick Wagner, is still with us today as a subscriber and shares our disregard for marching (rowing, paddling, sailing?) in stride with the crowd and his dream of so long ago is today a vital part of the Pacific Northwest small boat culture.

Page 36 features "Valgerda, a Critique," in which the author discusses his youthful undertaking in 1958 to build this William Atkins "Americanized interpretation of traditional Norwegian faering," as described in the September 1952 issue of *MotorBoating* magazine. He tells us how he was not favorably impressed with some of the Atkins' modifications.

Page 39 features "Dave Gentry's Boats" which came to us from the Florida Maritime Museum, courtesy of regular (and somewhat irreverent) contributor, Dave Lucas. This is an example of how we want to bring to you all news of interesting boats that comes to hand. Often these "tips" lead to websites with far more comprehensive descriptive material about the boats, their designers and builders, which sites we are happy to pass along to you for your internet cruising.

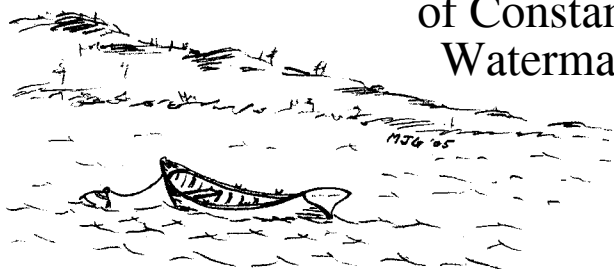
On page 44 is a bit of self indulgence in which I bring you my first published writing on small boats, from the introductory issue of the long lost and lamented *Small Boat Journal*. It set the stage for a number of following articles and after *SBJ* went south, the launching of *MAIB*.

Quirky indeed, as Susan wanted the readers of *Good Old Boat* to know. Time will tell if they include any quirky folks who will give us a look.

On the Cover...

Shades of Arthur Ransome's *Swallows and Amazons*, Alistair Wasey's tale of three British young people sailing on the famed Norfolk Broads is featured in this issue.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

Today I turn sixty. What should I expect? I feel no older, no wiser, no more motivated than I did yesterday. Forty years ago I was indeed a flibbertigibbet, but that phase has nearly passed. I have more sense of humor than I had then, Lord knows I may need it as age has its way with me.

Aside from that, it's twenty degrees this morning, the fires are going, my coffee tastes as usual. Were it warmer, I might consider sailing. Publisher wrote yesterday to say he's putting together an anthology of boating pieces and should he use two of mine? Also requested illustrations for them if I had any. Well, I had. Gave him a sketch of the Hadlyme Ferry and one of the Jetty Light just completed the previous day.

I'm doing a series of local lighthouses, copied from a local travel brochure. Most are simple: cylindrical structures with cupolas on top. Just now finishing Morgan Point, ivy festooned walls included. Windows and dormers and chimneys and much measuring involved to proportion it. No wonder I had such difficulty when I formerly tried an offhand sketch or two. Still, architectural rendering is generally simple compared with anatomical studies I've attempted.

Seems I'll be finished illustrating just in time to furbish *MoonWind* and put her on her mooring. Then I can venture off to seek something to write about. If I choose to illustrate my next book, as well, I've done some studying toward it. Shall have plenty to do to produce a finished product by winter's end. If only I can make as much from writing as I presently do working part-time I'd be thrilled. Though I'll need to continue working at times, as well.

For *MoonWind* this spring's project is to install a solar powered ventilator between the mast and forward hatch. It's important that it store energy for use when the sun isn't shining, as condensation forms in the boat whenever it cools down. The other project is nonskid for the cabin sole, installing vents in the hanging locker and forepeak to keep those areas fresh. Bilge cleaner helps, but it doesn't nearly solve all of the problem. Sailing with the forward hatch open helps, as long as I have time to close it before I need to tack. Even so, the forepeak doesn't benefit much, even should it be open.

Boatstuff had two fretwork teak vents about a foot square last season, but they've probably sold long since. Thought about setting one into the door of the hanging locker. Also need to stop the leak in the galley and drill some drain holes in the galley cabinets. Also reinstall the pump on my fresh water tank to set it as low as possible as it hasn't the lift required to empty that tank. Now I have a second plastic fuel tank to replace the steel one. Just read an article suggesting inverting the mainsail cover beneath the boom to catch rainwater. Shall need a permanent drain and straps to attach it so that it isn't a chore to rig.

And, if I get truly ambitious, I can set my extension ladder against the mast and replace my standing rigging, piece by piece. The non-swaged fittings are said to be the strongest, those where each strand of wire is bent back around the body of the fitting, then captured beneath a threaded ferule. Presumably, the wire is malleable enough to be bent through 300°. I need to find the article, I think in *GOB*, describing the process.

And, of course, I need to solve the dilemma of towing the Whitehall. Whether to make her more towable, or abandon the thought of using her altogether. Any boat I can stow on deck would seem too small to be safe. Inflating a boat every day seems highly impractical. Perhaps if I cover the Whitehall, load her with fenders, and rig some sort of whips to keep her away from *MoonWind* when we're moored. Perhaps just using huge fenders and keeping her alongside makes most sense.

Writing, working, and boating are now my life. And now is the time most fitting to do all three. I haven't the years to wonder or spectate or dally. Selling my books must take a high priority. And books are created by writing every day. Time I got down to work and left off musing...



"Arethusa"
N.G. Herreshoff designed Buzzards Bay 25
Built in 1996



"Edith"
L.F. Herreshoff designed Rozinante
Built in 1995



"Olympus"
Dick Newick designed for the 1980
singlehanded Transatlantic
Built in 1979

DAMIAN McLAUGHLIN JR.
B O A T B U I L D E R
Custom Boats and Yachts Since 1970

DAMIAN McLAUGHLIN JR.
P.O. Box 538
North Falmouth
Massachusetts 02556
508-563-3075
CORPORATION

Wood Construction and Restoration to 40'
Visit our new website: www.dmcboats.com



**Unfinished Professionally built
35.5' LOA 'express' cruiser: hull
bulkheads, frames, cabinsides
completed. Approx. 95% of all
materials, various foundry parts,
including machinery and running
gear available, with engineering
data and drawings included. Not
a project for amateurs.**

FOR DETAILED INFORMATION:

**859 266 6903,
seacoyacht@yahoo.com**



You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Navigating Freedom:

The War of 1812 on the Chesapeake

A new major exhibit entitled "Navigating Freedom: The War of 1812 on the Chesapeake" opens May 11 at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM) in St Michaels, Maryland. This exhibit explores the impact of the War of 1812 on the people of the Chesapeake, black and white Americans, militiamen, Baltimore merchants and British sailors who found opportunity or misfortune amid the conflict. Their diaries, artifacts, portraits and articles reveal their personal stories and the ways the War of 1812 on the Chesapeake challenged American ideas about freedom.

The exhibit also has several interactive components. CBMM partnered with Washington College's GIS lab to generate a 3D virtual flyover of the Battle of St Michaels, as well as maps highlighting the cultural landscapes of the area. Additional stories, research and activities will be shared with the public beyond CBMM's campus through an interactive online exhibit, curriculum materials, teacher workshops and a series of public programs for all ages.

This special exhibit runs through 2015 and is free for CBMM members or with museum admission. For more information, call 410-745-2916 or visit www.cbmm.com.

Classic Boat Show and Small Craft Festival

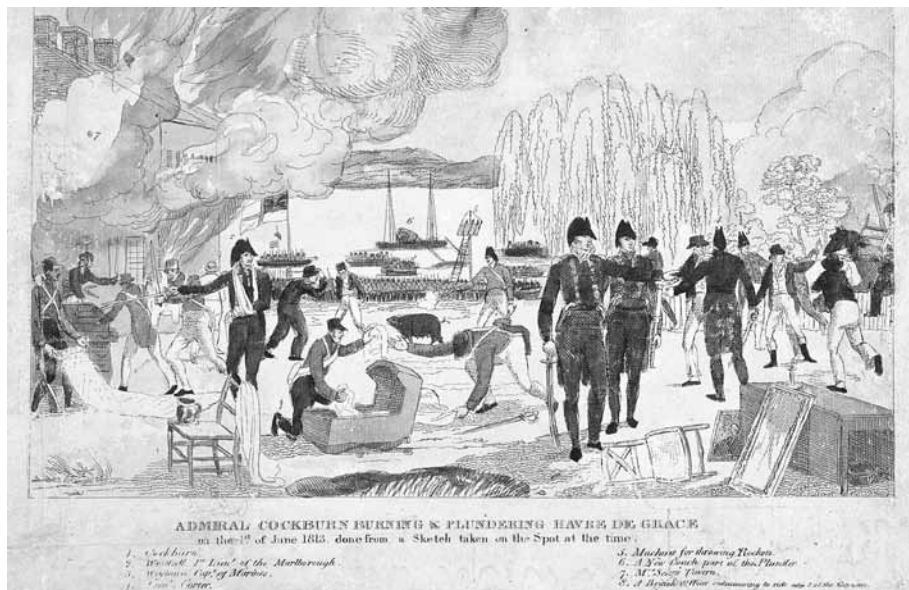
The 32nd annual boat show at the Michigan Maritime Museum will be held afloat and on shore in conjunction with South Haven's HarborFest on June 22. Classic and traditional small craft, row, paddle, sail and motor will be featured with demonstrations throughout the day as well as toy boat building for kids.

For more information and registration forms, contact the museum at 260 Dyckman Ave (at the bridge), South Haven, Michigan 49090, (269) 637-8078 or go to www.MichiganMaritimeMuseum.org.



Boat Show Cancelled

The Annual ACBS Barnegat Bay Chapter Boat Show slated for September 14, 2013, has been cancelled due to the adverse impact of Hurricane Sandy on our show venue at Johnson Brothers Boat Works, Point Pleasant.



"Admiral Cockburn burning and plundering Havre de Grace on the 1st of June, 1813." Attributed to William Charles, circa 1813. Hambleton Print Collection. Reprinted with permission from the Maryland Historical Society.

ant, New Jersey, including the New Jersey Museum of Boating and the Antique Auto Museum. The Show will resume in 2014, the date of September 13, 2014. Contact (610) 277-2121 or (908) 910-3653.

Stuart Sherk, Bay Head, NJ

Adventures & Experiences...

Memories of Boston Harbor

The reason I enjoyed Boston Harbor, and the coast down to Duxbury, so much and bought the Boston harbor book you published a chapter from in the February issue came about as follows. While a Naval Architect student at the University of Michigan, I worked summers for Alan Donkin and William Baker at the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy, Massachusetts, until it closed. I crewed in Thistles out of a North Weymouth boatyard. In light air and a chop, we were nipped at the heels by Hustlers.

Of about the same waterline length and beam, the Hustler would only surf, but not plane like a Thistle. But Charles Mower's great Hustler design had adequate rocker to prevent transom drag in a chop. Also, in these conditions one large sail (Hustler) was superior to two sails of the same total area (Thistle), as proved by the Moth and Suicide development classes. Two sails were important for a practical reason, the ability to keep the boat from broaching and flipping while reefing or dumping one of the sails.

For reefing a single sail, note that the Robb White/Dabbler Sails Felucca has an important advantage, the ability to effec-

tively and quickly reef a sliding gunter rig on the fly. He overcame the sticking slide or the flailing loose upper mast deficiency of this rig. I must admit that he manhandled it with the tiller on his leg and the sheet in his teeth, but it spread a large area for this fast 12-footer. The sliding gunter has always been attractive for small boats because, unlike other rigs, in reefing it gets rid of the windage and weight of the upper mast along with the upper part of the sail. The sliding gunter lost out to the Marconi rig for racing, but it makes sense for small cruising boats.

While at the North Weymouth boatyard I bought a 1915 Crosby 17' cabin catboat for \$45. I put in a new plank, some new ribs, new plywood centerboard trunk and new mast, but then the stem opened up from rotted plank ends. There was no epoxy then for an effective fix. So I sadly stripped it and it went to the dump.

My happy memories are sailing in the clean fresh winds, the smell of the salt marshes, the lobster rolls and fried clam strips. I crewed once on a race from Hingham to Boston Light on a 23' Sam Crocker sloop (Stone Horse maybe?) owned by Ken Wharf, a partially crippled owner of an aluminum door and window business who usually sailed alone. Three of us were against three dozen high tech yachts crewed by frantic deck apes. Ken told us to let the main and jib sleep in the light wind. He played the tidal currents tight to the islands with his tidal chart and his local knowledge and we won!

This, like the Hustlers, was very instructive! In light air early in the race, before the tidal currents were reached, this superbly

designed, well ballasted 3' draft cruiser with ample working sail on a tall mast went to windward a little better than the racing yachts with multiple exotic sails and gear.

Jim Wonnell, Merrit Island, FL

Information of Interest...

Liberated by Sandy

As counterpoint to the Sandy "photo" on the cover of the January issue, I enclose the following picture of a boat never intended to voyage on the water that was liberated from the shore by Sandy. This playground pirate ship structure was, I believe, located at the Sands Beach Club in Sea Bright, New Jersey. While rowing one morning a couple of weeks after Sandy struck I found it aground in the Navesink River not far from the Oceanic Bridge connecting Rumson and Middletown.

Penn Pfautz, Middletown, NJ



Triggered Memories

I enjoyed the article in the January issue by Cynde Smith about the Sound Inter Club sloops on Lake George because it triggered memories of my childhood days during the period she covers. Mention is made of the Cape Cod Knockabouts which brings me to the purpose of this request. A good friend had a stroke from which he has recovered pretty well, but is unable to pursue the restoration of a Cape Cod Knockabout and has asked me how he could move it along to someone else. I thought *MAIB* would be a good place to advertise it (see *Classified Marketplace—Ed*) I always admired the Knockabouts when they were a class at the Lake George Club and it would be nice to see this one alive again.

Cynde also mentioned *El LaGarto*, which I am currently building as a 1:9 scale model.

Liv Morris, Devon, PA

Biplane Rig

I commend your interest in printing bygone articles about a biplane sail rig. In early aircraft, airflow interference between upper and lower wings was understood and quantified in the 1910s. Biplanes persisted because the heavy engines demanded lots of lifting area in light construction. The change to monoplanes came with lighter engines and structural improvements.

My vote for the aircraft designer making the most contributions, Jack Northrup, worked out a better monoplane wing design than Fokker and others, resulting in the Lockheed Vega, Boeing Monomail, DC3, etc. Tooev Spatz wondered why the Junkers JU88 had such a good wing structure and found it was designed by Northrup trained Americans working in Germany when jobs were scarce Great Depression in the '30s.

Tom Jones found that the biplane sail rig only worked through a limited range of courses relative to apparent wind. Complications were backwinding of one sail, and bad balance resulting in large rudder angles. Tom believed

the biplane rig worked for Kellerman's hydrofoil record setter because it was so fast, the apparent wind was almost dead ahead.

Jim Wonnell, Merritt Island, FL

Information Wanted...

Flying Saucer Plans

I am trying to locate a set of plans for *Mechanix Illustrated* "Flying Saucer Cruiser" featured on the cover on the April 1956 "Special Boating Issue." I have a copy of the actual magazine and have seen that *Mechanix Illustrated's Plan Catalog #12* is advertised on page 199 of that issue. I am hoping that that plan catalog may contain the plans for the "Flying Saucer Cruiser."

If anyone reading this might have a set of these, I'd like to purchase it or, perhaps someone can give me some idea of where I could obtain the plans or the plan catalog. I would really appreciate it. I have been looking for this for some time now and I am hoping you will be able to help

On another note, I am also restoring a unique boat from the 1960s that has languished in a shed in the UK for over 40 years. She has never seen the water. I am looking for any assistance I can get in whatever form to save this unique craft.

See the article in this issue ("Catenate") about it and please have a look at this website link: <https://sites.google.com/site/catenate> project/

Rob Russell, Hasting E. Sussex UK, robert russell8128@gmail.com

Opinions...

Best Kind of Encouragement

I want to say how much I enjoyed Brenda Zollitsch's nicely written article about her father and the lessons she learned. It was the best kind of encouragement for anyone wondering about the value of messing about in boats. (or oatmeal for that matter).

Bob Cole, St Augustine, FL

Projects...

Winter's Projects, Season's Prospects

I've been working on my peapod, but not at the pace I had previously anticipated. I thought this time that I gave it an extra conservative time frame for completion, but I am still at it, likely for a couple more months. It is coming along nicely, albeit slowly, procrastination being the reason for this pace. But, I'm back to it now, and at a more ambitious pace.

Looks like a busy summer for our Buffalo Maritime Center with the regular programs and projects and the city planning a War of 1812 Commemoration in September for which the Center has several boats that need completion by then.

Dreamcatcher, my 18' mini skipjack, will go back in the water this summer, too. I have an old aluminum mast that I acquired this past summer I may use on her. She just needs a little dusting off and rigging, then launching.

I'm predicting a late start for boating this year as every time I expect an early launch time it never happens. The ground hog predicted an early spring, too. Happy sails.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Building Update

The new boat I am building is progressing, I am glad to report that after a long hiatus the Deer Isle Koster build is moving along. I am involved in planking the hull and cutting LOTS of gains. Winter is a great time to build as long as the heater in the garage cooperates. When will the boat be completed? I am taking it slow. Remember this is a marathon, not a sprint.

Frank Stauss



Bow



Stern

Manomet Skiff Follow Up

I just wanted to follow up on Stan Marcocki's letter that appeared in the February 2013 issue remarking that "...Mandell's (I guess that's me) workboat is a fisherman's ideal..." referring to my comments that we had a great boating season using my Manomet skiff in an article in the September 2012 issue. We spent a lot of time crabbing in Barnegat Bay and fluke fishing in the Manasquan River.

Since I wrote the article, I have found out that the Mercury Seapro motor I bought actually is a Tohatsu with a Mercury sticker on it. Parts come from Tohatsu. I also learned that I can upgrade this particular motor from a 25hp to 30hp by removing the restrictor plate behind the carb and replacing it with the gasket that is used on the 30. Kinda like NASCAR.

I don't plan on installing a center console yet. I will be adding more floorboards towards the stern so I can stand on them when I steer. I also bought some heavy plastic rubrail material I will be installing as the bare wood rub rails took a beating. The boat planes nicely and handled very well going through the Point Pleasant Canal which can be very messy at times.

I live close to the Jersey Shore and the marina I had docked the boat at was flooded by Superstorm Sandy. Fortunately I had pulled the boat out of the water a couple of weeks before the storm hit, so it rode out Sandy on the trailer in my yard. Many home and boat owners I know were not so fortunate. State officials have been telling us that the bay is full of debris like houses, docks, boats and cars and that the channels (if there are any) are not where they are supposed to be. I've already heard that a guy had both outboards ripped off the transom of his boat in the bay when he hit a submerged car. Going to be a challenging summer season.

Dane Martindell, Manchester, NJ

For those of us who have shared in Arthur Ransome's idyllic writings on the Norfolk Broads, this rather special area of the English countryside requires little by way of introduction. For any who have not (and I urge you to rectify matters!) the Broads are tucked away on the east coast in an area known as East Anglia, a name which traces its roots to the Dark Ages of British history when Germanic races colonised our fertile isle. It is a curiously impermanent landscape, being interchangeably river delta and dry land before the hands of man and the sea currents formed the current system of rivers and broads running between fertile marshlands.

The following has been adapted from the log I recorded during my week. My partners on this trip were my two good friends James, a student at Cambridge University, and his partner Laura, also a student, but at Durham University.

Saturday 26th of June: We arrived at Martham's boatyard at 14:40 having experienced a somewhat tricky end to our journey, having smoothly crossed the greater part of England's girth. We had discussed stopping in Norwich, but on seeing how busy it was, abandoned the idea rather late, after we had missed the opportunity to bypass the city. The hirer's (Martham's) main sheds were situated a quarter of a mile from the river, perhaps in avoidance of flooding, which one assumes from riverside dwellings to be reasonably frequent. The waterfront of Martham's yard was very pleasant, although somewhat typically "dilapidated boatyard" in aspect.

On first acquaintance our boat, the 1950s Bermudan rigged Wood's built yacht *Javelin 2*, was both bigger and smaller than expected, "bigger externally, smaller internally and quite primitive," reads the log. The main cabin had two somewhat cramped bunks one of which folded out to form a "double" bed. The toilet, much to my surprise, pumped straight overboard, as did all of the plumbing. To my understanding, this is not a legal state of affairs in English ports, it greatly surprised me that this was legal on an inland waterway. Thankfully it was not all bad news and the gas cooking range was rather good, storage was excellent although Laura has appended a note to the log to the effect that it was initially difficult to find, being in many small lockers dotted wherever there was spare space to be found, under benches; in bulkheads; under the cooker.

A strong positive point, to my nose at least, was the strong smell of varnish under the canvas awning. The log records, "Original boat must have been quite something, still very good boat, but niggling short cuts taken, use of plywood, poor rigging care, some framing in poor condition." This referred to plywood slowly creeping into the gorgeous mahogany interior, lashings used in place of swivels and shackles on the mainsheet blocks and seemingly endless sistered frames in the bow. Many of the sistered frames had cracked in sympathy with their predecessors, and on my last day in the boat, on raising the sole, I saw that many timbers had rotted completely away where they crossed the keel, and rather than being repaired, they had simply been painted over. In their heyday, eight of these yachts were raced frequently, and it seems very sad that she should be awarded such scant attention today.

However, today was not to be a day of mourning for what once was! Today was a day for action, for sampling the Broads I had

Lines in the Sand

A Week on the Norfolk Broads

By Alistair Wasey
(Courtesy of Duckworks)



Javelin 2 lying at Horsey Staithe after the awnings have been taken down but before the cabin was lowered. The sailboat in the background is *Jasmine of Horning*.

dreamed of since the first time I opened the pages of Ransome's *Coot Club*, for enjoying the largest boat I had ever sailed, for enjoying the company of friends engaged on a mutual adventure. By 16:00 we had the boat packed, and the anchor up. We left Martham's with all sail hoisted and the engine on to help us out of the moorings. The engine was 15hp two-stroke unit, with all the glorious simplicity of an engine from yesteryear. Rotary choke, two position throttle, one cylinder and the most wonderfully physical clutch-and-gear lever. One can understand Roger Walker's obsession with the things (see Ransome's other works). However, by 16:10 the "little donkey" had been silenced and we were enjoying slow progress with the tide as the wind arrived in zephyrs. It was difficult to work out the precise wind direction (which was shifting anyway) because of the high reeds through Candle Dyke. The log records "Blocks desperately in need of oiling I think as the sheet is not running freely". These blocks were to become something of a recurring nuisance throughout the voyage.

By 16:30 we were passing through Heigham Sound, a channel marked by posts passing through a wide but shallow lake with a healthy covering of reeds. Before long we had turned right and were passing through Meadow Dyke, gybing time and again along

its narrow and twisting course. This flowed into Horsey Mere, a wide and by the standards of many of the broads, deep lake. We sailed for a little while before starting the engine and dropping sail before motoring into Horsey Staithe at 17:20. This is a well looked-after staithe, owned in common with the Mere and much of the surrounding land by the National Trust.

We secured all the warps, and the dinghy we had hired with the yacht and raised both of the awnings, although we did not perfect either for some time. We walked across some bleak marsh to the Nelson's Head pub where we enjoyed excellent food in abundance at a very reasonable price. We were also fortunate in being able to secure some matches, which we had forgotten to procure prior to our departure. Any reader of *Swallows and Amazons* may sympathise with our mistake, having no Mother to remember them! We walked back from the pub and had another go at the front awning, which this time was raised with somewhat more success. At 21:40 we were all in bed and the log records "Rather pleasant to hear rain falling on stretched canvas", although 22:30's note is less positive: "Rain dripping down mast".

This was of particular importance to me as my "cabin" was in the forepeak, through the forehatch. The mast ran down 3" from my head, and I spent an hour and a half tracking down leaks around the mast and the forehatch coaming, and moving my clothes around until as few as possible were in danger of a wetting. I was grateful for the provision of electric lights on board (charged by the engine) as again when a loud bang on deck shot me through the forehatch at 23:30. I could only guess that the life ring which had been standing up had fallen over. By this time I had to accept that the forehatch could not remain closed as, although it stopped all but the mast leak, the claustrophobia it induced in the quite remarkably confined space was unbearable. I turned my back on the splashes and finally dropped into the arms of sleep.

The Captain's Cabin. This became known as the "coffin" and was barely roomier. Amazingly I only cracked my head on a deck beam once! Note the large lead weight at the base of the mast to aid raising and lowering the mast to pass through bridges. Even with this, it was still a tricky business.



Sunday 27th June: The morning began barely more auspiciously than the previous day had ended. A lover of my sleep (well, one must conform to these stereotypes of 19 year olds!) I woke at 5:15, and was not happy about the fact! At 6:30 my travel clock sounded it's alarm, which I had failed to disable which disturbed the rest of the crew. At 7:45 we all gave up on sleep, partook of our morning toilet (making use of the adjacent public conveniences as none of us fancied the boat's provision on grounds as diverse as environmental conscience, privacy and leg room) and at 8:30 settled down on the rond [bank] with the sun trying to break through the overcast, supping on tomato soup (a rather alarming neon orange) and bread.

After washing up, at 9:00 I took the dinghy out into Horsey Mere and a strong westerly wind. On return I wrote in my most Ransomeish manner in the log: "Tried sailing dinghy, diabolical! Difficult to row (the oars had mismatched buttons) and unable to raise sail as blew straight off the wind. Could not reach a lee shore under oars therefore retired to yacht." Part of the problem had been the arrangement of the boom jaws which seemed indecipherable to me. At 9:55, in disgust with all things nautical, I took to my heels in strong sunlight and spied out the lie of the land. On my return, the log remarked on stunted marsh oak trees growing in the peat, and profusion of flies of which, on the water, we were to be mercifully free. "The landscape is quite immoderately flat. Landscape features include a large windfarm S.E., various church towers and the ubiquitous wind pumps, some wrecked. There are some farms in evidence and one curious orange building." What I think I liked most were two very small thatched cottages perched on the banks (if such a strong word may be used) of the Mere, raised above the marsh on stilts. If one has read *Witches Abroad* by Terry Pratchett and imagines Mrs. Googol's house, one would be rather close to their appearance.

As the wind was strong and in the wrong direction for making a passage through Meadow Dyke, we elected to go to the beach, little more than a mile away beyond the line of sand dunes which at this point, are all that stands between land and sea. Without them, we would have been sailing in salt water. This was a thoroughly enjoyable trip, we saw orchids, butterflies, a seal, a lizard and what are described in the log only as "curious moths". It had been far too many years since I had seen the sea, let alone been close enough to it to get damp, so I forgot my age and went paddling, to be joined later by James. Laura stayed aloof and superior, and miraculously stayed dry and relatively sand free. Still, there's no accounting for tastes!

The view from the top of Horsey Windpump showing how flat the land is, an unusual sight for us Northern Lads! The two thatched cottages can just be picked out on the banks of Horsey Mere, as can *Javelin*.



Horsey Windpump, now disused, was used to pump water from the low lying marshes up to the level of the river. It also saw service last century after the coastal sand dunes were breached at Horsey Gap which led to the whole area becoming once again a sea bed. Adjacent and to the right is the modern electric pump.

While we were there, the wind changed to an ideal direction for Meadow Dyke. We returned to the boat and paused only long enough to walk up Horsey Windpump where a rather fine view over the fens could be had for the princely sum of two pounds sterling. We turned the boat using warps, an operation which was wholly successful and left one feeling rather pleased with oneself. We left Horsey under engine and tried raising sail. After three attempts I gave up as the mainsail was catching in the rigging. I wanted to take the boat back to Marthams and get the rigging sorted as it was a mess aloft, however James convinced me to drop a mud-weight and between us we managed to shift the worst of the tangles. Due to the design of the rigging and the sail, the mainsail would catch on the topping lifts when being raised with really only the very slightest provocation. When we had the mainsail up, the boat started sailing around her moorings as the mainsheet blocks would not let the sheet run out freely, so in effect the boat was constantly close hauled. This was a great nuisance, and rather dangerous. Still, we got the jib up, raised the anchor and set off.

Once the sails were up and we were underway, we had a really very pleasant run

through Meadow Dyke. The blocks were still causing trouble as now we were running before the wind, even when standing and pushing on the boom we could not encourage it far from the side of the boat. In the end we gave up and suffered the loss of power this entailed. We were overtaken very neatly by the beautifully turned out *Jasmine of Horn- ing*, a gaff rigged cutter with an apparently permanent "topsail" making her almost Bermudan-rigged. We passed through the busy Heigham Sound without incident, although rather hard on the wind. At Candle Dyke we were headed by the wind in a tight channel and in a flurry induced by a sudden calm, the tide running against us, and a motorboat which managed always to be in the wrong place at the wrong time, I came close to ramming the bank. We got the engine started and motored safely out of the dyke and into the River Thurne proper and sailed beautifully past Martham's and on to Potter Heigham. The wind died to nothing half a mile from Potter and we motored against the tide and moored to the south bank above the bridges at about 17:30 having passed a great number of yachts quanting with the stream and making little progress.

We tied up with Laura sleeping below and James went off into Potter in search of meat for the evening meal. I tidied around on deck and muttered under my breath as two gin palaces went past far above the speed limits, causing a frantic wash to hurl itself and *Javelin* against the piling. On James' return, we raised the awnings hurriedly as an ominously black cloud was flying down on us like the wrath of a vengeful god (we can only hope in vengeance against inconsiderate stinkpotters...). Two thunderstorms passed in close proximity with each other and us, making us nervous for the mast, we couldn't see much else standing 35' into the air! With the air cleared and the awning peeled back (which had leaked badly in any case) James and I volunteered Laura to cook a rather good pasta bolognese. After washing up I took advantage of the light airs to have another look at the rigging of the dinghy and managed to solve the problem of the boom. It was fastened to the mast (apparently) by a length of chain with a shackle at either end, which in turn fastened to a length of wire nailed to the boom. By adjusting the shackles and chain I managed to achieve a sufferable arrangement, and was left wanting only wind. Before too long we had battened down the hatches for the night, hoping for a little more rest than at Horsey.

Monday 28th June: The day dawned clear and pleasant. We know this as James, sleeping badly, decided to go for a walk at 3:15am! For the rest of us, the day began at



8:30 with bright sunlight on the awnings and a slight breeze rustling the riverside reeds. While James and Laura were in Potter buying fresh meat for the day, I reveled in the wonderful warmth under the dark awning over the well and enjoyed a quick wash. On such a small boat, such opportunities must be embraced!

After a hasty breakfast we made ready for sail and at 9:30 lowered the mast. As a portent for things to come, this did not go at all well. James and I attempted to lower the mast between us, but while distracted by a knot in the forestay (which was difficult to control as it was) the mast, imperfectly balanced by the small lead weight at its foot, came crashing down. We learned from this that lowering the mast was a three person job! It needed one person on the forestay, one person in the well guiding the mast into the crutches, and a third person, preferably of some weight, controlling the foot of the mast. Nerves in tatters we tidied up the well, and started the engine. After a battle between the choke and us, we finally were off with the little donkey running steadily, and pushed off under Potter Heigham's two bridges. The first, a modern bridge carrying the A149 road was passed with ease, but as for the second bridge...

"Old Bridge a very tight squeeze, but the excellent J. steered us through. Thought we'd lose the cross trees!" With the water tanks running low, we tried to tie up at the public water supply, but were beaten in by a stinkpotter. We made fast a little lower downstream and raised the mast, this time without incident with three people and set sail.

We sailed away from the staithe before being headed by flukey winds after four-hundred yards. With heavy traffic we gave up tacking and turned the engine on to give us steerageway. As we drove down river, the wind was slowly picking up, until after clearing the last of Potter Heigham's bungalows we were motoring straight into a reasonably stiff breeze with an overcast sky replacing the glorious sunshine we had enjoyed. We tried beating against the wind, but even with the engine we could not point high enough. I was desperate to get some sail off her, but James had retired to his bunk, apparently unwell, and I couldn't leave the tiller for a moment as the boat was difficult to control against the wind. I set Laura to studying the maps to find a mooring and scanned the banks, but no suitable birth presented itself. Barely making progress against the wind, we decided to head for the nearest shelter, an apparently tiny dyke by the name of Womack Water. Turning in, the wind abated a little and we were able to pull into the bank.

I was again to be irritated by the poor provisioning of the boat. We were forced to moor to the bank by dropping the mud anchor on the bank from the bow, and using the only rond anchor we could find at the stern. A rond anchor is an anchor with a single fluke designed expressly for mooring to the marshy banks of the Broad. James now re-appeared, seemingly in better spirits, and was despatched to spy out the land while I made a rough furl of the sails and collected my thoughts after the frantic run in. After a while, James returned reporting a boatyard upstream. As it was 11:30, it was decided that at the very least we could tie up, get some water and have a bite of lunch.

We pressed on with the engine, running well by now. Within a few hundred yards trees had begun to grow on either bank

and we passed several boat yards with enormous compliments of gorgeously turned out wooden yachts. I could barely contain my jealousy! The upper end of Womack Water was really quite something, and very beautiful. Trees lined either bank, with a small island providing a sheltered, private anchorage for those wanting to avoid the fees and fuss of the main staithe. We pressed on to a beautifully maintained waterfront. Manicured lawns, gravel paths, picnic benches, cornfields, and then the sun came out! I felt as if I had reached a little piece of heaven.



Lying at Ludham Staithe in the evening sun with mud anchor down and a warp stretched from the bow to prevent anyone going "bump" in the night!

At Ludham Staithe, one must tie up stern first, a difficult manoeuvre, but made more so with the off-centre engine and inefficient foils. *Javelin* tended to travel in diagonals, but a prod with the quant seemed to help matters, and there were several friendly neighbours ready with a hand to our hastily thrown warps. By 12:00 we were securely moored, the dinghy tied to the shrouds, hastily decking out a picnic bench with our lunch as the sun lightly roasted us. It is true, mad dogs and Englishmen do go out in the mid-day sun. We had fallen on our feet, a water supply three paces from the stern of the boat, clean and pleasant toilets a stone's throw from the boat, a chandler's at the end of the Staithe. We had a brief and unconvincing discussion about setting off again, but squashed the idea in favour of a day lazing around with a book in the sun. After lunch we walked into Ludham itself. I admired the small church, and the neat buildings snuggling close about the roadway. It's strange for one coming from the North of England as I do, the South can seem a very different world and many of the houses seemed to owe rather more to Northern France for their architecture than to the English tradition. We returned to the boat and lazed the day away with books, soaking in the sun, chatting to neighbours. We had a boat full of cockneys to starboard, with a rather less exuberant Londoner cruising solo to port, both of whom provided excellent entertainment.

Around 16:00 I stirred myself to action and went in search of a petrol can and some two stroke oil so I could settle my nerves about the small gallon fuel tank which served the engine. "Success! Served by a rather

delectable young lady. Described Martham's as boss eyed operation. Inclined to agree. I retired to the green to sip a rather fine lemon tea which had mixed with undefined grime in the dank recesses of the teapot, despite my best efforts to render this clean. Still, it didn't detract from the flavour, or my enjoyment of this rather wonderful English countryside.



At Ludham we were boarded by bread stealing pirates.

After a chicken tikka masala dinner, and much feeding of ducks (some of which boarded the boat, our starboard neighbours expected to see one in the pot at any moment), I removed the spars from the diabolical dinghy, shipped the mis-matched oars and paddled off around the dyke. An impressive wake followed me around the staithe, although the boat speed was little to write home about. I was treated to the sight of coots nesting in the motor well of a stinkpotter, and a very interesting sectional steam launch. I landed on the island, but my exploration was hampered by the prevalence of nettles and the nakedness of my knees. On my return we retired to the nearest pub (The King's Arms) which was disturbingly modern inside a whitewashed exterior. A pool tournament ensued with the number one seed crashing out early on, leaving the scoreboard at James 0, Laura 1, and myself blushing with 2 games. However, a model railway ran through the roof of the arena, so we put it down to that causing distraction in the minds of the more distinguished players of the game.



A steam launch, interesting because it was in two pieces which bolted together just beyond the boiler.

Upon our returning to the boat, a round of lemon tea and hot chocolate materialised from the galley while I collected the last notes of the day's log under a near full moon beaming from the crosstrees lighting the page on a gorgeous evening. I for one turned in with reluctance on what had been, altogether, a very pleasant day.

Tuesday 29th June: Up at 8am, the log records my nervousness at sailing with a reasonable wind blowing after the farce of yesterday's downriver hop. After stalling as much as possible: buying milk, petrol, lubricant for the blocks and finding excuses to visit the chandler's again in search of both rond anchors and the picturesque receptionist, we were on the move again. We motored out of Womack Water and moved five hundred yards downstream before mooring and raising sail, all the time cursing the lack of a second rond anchor as every gust threatened to blow us off the bank. On the way to Thurne Mouth we were over and undertaken by stink potters, running four abreast at one point with a boat running before the wind on the wrong bank making navigation very hazardous.

At Thurne Mouth we turned to port for Acle, getting our first experience of a real Broads river. Far wider than the Thurne, which is a tributary, the Bure really allows one to feel that one may sail without constantly worrying about getting in the way of people, or ramming the bank between tacks. However, this section of river is bereft of much of the interest that we had experienced on the Thurne. From the cockpit, the view is of little more than reeds, and the landmarks of interest are only those buildings close to the river, although many of these are very picturesque. There was a good tide running, and we made very good time down to Acle. Indeed, on turning before Acle bridge with the motor running and both sails drawing, we were making precious little ground against the stream. A note in the log records that on sailing downstream, the cheaper moorings are on the right, and it was here that we made fast and waited for the tide to turn. We moored with two warps and two springs and lay snug despite the strong current.

We had a long wait for the change of tide that would take us back up to Thurne mouth. The local boat yard was helpful and friendly when I went to confirm the time of the tide change. James went off to Acle in search of hayfever medicine, but was still suffering on his successful return. Meanwhile I did the washing up and did a general tidy round while Laura dozed in the cabin before we all succumbed to the boredom of waiting for the tide to change. To mitigate this, I had the pleasure of watching a number of very skilled sailors beating against both tide and wind up from the bridge, and took careful note of what could be learned from each one, especially as they stole a few feet every tack by sailing through the wind, rather than putting the helm over too sharply. At slack water, 16:15, we moved to the water supply, filled the tank, dropped fifty pence in the honesty box and were off tacking against a light breeze with the first of the flood tide carrying us with it.

With a light and variable wind our course varied between a broad reach and close hauled as the river's twists and turns took us slowly on our way. The skies lowered and we had a few light showers, but nothing to worry us, or encourage the discovery of waterproofs. Both James and I were able to develop our finesse in tacking against the weakening wind until at Upton windpump the wind died altogether. We met one of the boats I had admired earlier travelling down river under power and followed their example, making Thurne Dyke at 18:00. Turning on the warps as we entered was very difficult with the off-centre engine. In the end I nosed her into the bank (a shade harder than

I wanted, I must admit) to get her round after a slight mis-communication. Still, the only damage was to my pride and we made fast on warps and springs again, although we didn't need to. However, I had learned at Acle that warps and springs keep the boat exactly where you want it, whereas warps on their own allow the boat to move a little, especially when stepping on or off the boat.



Our devoted galley slave hard at work. As the only member of the crew able to stand up straight in the cabin, Laura was volunteered for much of the cooking.

We lit the barbeque, paid our mooring fees and did our best to consume some enormous beef burgers. This was the first time that I had ever seen James not finish all the food that had been cooked! Once again the ducks were well fed, and a swan tried to eat the boat, but suffice to say, did not do well. We played cards on deck until dark. James and Laura retired to their cabin while I wrote up the last of the log. I didn't feel at all sleepy and went for a walk, seeing a bat and enjoying the sights and sounds of Norfolk at night. It was a curiously magic environment that is hard to put into words, with the muted sounds of full cabins contrasting with the natural sounds of the night: masticating cattle; the call of an owl. Strange lights bobbed on the water, the floats of fishermen who had earlier been catching eels. I decided that the dinghy was probably leaking given the quantity and colour of the water on it, gave all the blocks a thorough soaking in WD-40, and turned, with reluctance, into my bunk. It had been another wonderful day, with thoroughly enjoyable sailing which, I hoped, would continue.

Wednesday 30th June: After James and Laura had retired to their bunk I found I was strangely wakeful and restless. I took a walk along the river bank in the hope of wearing myself out, to no avail. I turned in at 23:00 in the hope that an attitude of repose would encourage a restful interval of sleep. A book called *The Norfolk Broads*, written by William Dutt around the turn of last century had waxed lyrical on the subject of the Norfolk night, and I have to agree with him that it certainly has a charm all its own, though somewhat different a century later. However, overhead there still shone the eons-old moon and strange sounds dopplered past the boat as night fowl went about their noisy business. A bat had been one of the last things I had seen before entering the forepeak, and when I rose again around 4am, I watched for some time his aerial acrobatics. In the grey pre-dawn light I watched a greebe feeding its offspring, thus explaining the curious beeps that had entertained my wakeful night. Now that I wished to be awake to enjoy this magical dawn time, I was overtaken by the wings of sleep and dozed fitfully until 8am.

The crew emerged almost as tired as I, and together we trudged off the staithe to the local stores through unpleasant weather of wind and fitful rain. We motored out of Thurne Dyke into a fresh wind, which contrived always to blow from bang on the nose. We had not raised sail in the dyke as we were on the lee shore, and once in the main channel the wind was too strong to trust our feeble single rond anchor; even had we succeeded in finding a suitable section of bank. Under bare poles the engine struggled onwards, stopping almost dead in the stronger gusts, eventually reaching Fleet Dyke around midday. The map showed safe moorings apparently continuously from the mouth of the Dyke to South Walsham Broad at its end. I hoped to land at the mouth of the dyke, raise reefed sail, and sail on, but as we drove further down the dyke, it became clear that this plan simply was not an option.

We finally moored at the mouth of South Walsham Dyke and ate lunch and decided to wait out the tide and weather, expecting it to ease in the afternoon. I walked into South Walsham, an interesting walk through tree-roofed lanes and along a path which ran arrow-straight through a corn field over which hung enormous blue dragonflies engaged in their lethal pursuit of bothersome insects. In the churchyard appeared to stand two churches, both over the fallen stones of an older foundation, the whole having achieved mention in Dutt's tome. A lapsed Anglican, I enjoyed a few moment's meditation amidst the fragrant herb garden soaking in the hazy sun before returning, feeling the day waning and Ranworth, my intended destination, still far away.

On returning to the boat, I struggled to inspire the crew to action, and eventually made ready for sail and topped off the fuel tank while they went for a short walk. We started the engine as security, but intended a rather more seamanlike exit. With all sail set I coiled the bow warp, and shoved the bow off. The jib was backed as I sprinted back to the cockpit over the cabin roof. With James at the tiller, the bow came round, the jib was sheeted in properly, and a short tack was made across the Dyke before spinning the boat round and running off downwind. It took less time and effort than to write this and went superbly. However, the wind blowing through the trees was light and shifting giving James no end of headaches as gybe followed gybe. One nasty gybe on the front of a sharp gust ended with the dinghy clipping a moored yacht. Apologies were hailed across the water, but did little to placate the disgusted eye of the owner.

I took over before reaching the main channel, worried about the wind and traffic to be expected. On exiting the dyke it became clear very quickly that I had mucked up my tides. There was still a strong ebb running, over which it was difficult to make headway despite the still fresh wind. We tacked to and fro making a boat length or less depending on how the wind had shifted between tacks, and what traffic we had to avoid. Most of the drivers of the enormous stinkpotters were, to their credit, very understanding of my self-inflicted predicament, giving plenty of room and patience and smiling indulgently at our hasty thanks. We hung on, praying for the change of the tide, but as the tide weakened so did the wind. By dead water we had passed Ant Mouth, perhaps four hundred yards upriver, and I was becoming frustrated with

the wind as James tried to keep things calm on board. A change of helmsman quickly reversed the situation until James agreed that the only way we were going to reach our destination by nightfall was with the assistance of the engine.

Under engine power we quickly gained a little more purpose to our movements, although only a little more actual progress. As the sun began its decline, it cast a golden light over the reeds quieting from their daytime whispering, and over the sails as they were taken in over the boom, I surveyed the landscape and map, hastily calculating how soon we might be tied up. Between two glances a surprising change had taken place on the bow. Where before I had a tall, blonde bowsprit I now had a pair of legs and a loud bang. I was gripped by a terrible fear of what might have happened, miles from anywhere, in a slow moving boat with a good friend having fallen headfirst through the forehatch. It was a long time before, much to my relief, my shouts achieved a response. I called Laura on deck and it wasn't long before James had emerged again laughing, unharmed except for a hurt foot but having given all of us a terrible shock. From that moment on the forehatch was replaced with great care.

We entered Ranworth Dam at 17.45, and had tied up at the staithe by 18.00, taking the last available spot. We were guided to our mooring (hidden at the back, tucked in a corner) by a friendly stinkpotter. We had a pleasant carbonara with tuna and pasta for dinner, James retiring to his bunk immediately afterwards. Abandoning Laura I took the dinghy out. The log reads: "Very pleasant sailing small boat again. Can sail on beam-ends with an easy conscience. Poor sail shape and set (may need to adjust boom arrangement) made up for by enjoyably sail." I thrashed the boat around the small Malthouse Broad as fast as I could get an 8' tub with a heavy steel centreboard to go. The old adage that the amount of fun had in a boat is inversely proportional to its size was proven true.

Regrettably, with a good wind blowing and a large wake curling from the fore-foot I changed course back to the staithe to rig the awnings and do the washing up. When I returned to the water, the wind was failing with only an occasional fresh gust stirring the water. "Pleasantly challenging. Able to sail very close to wildlife without disturbing." I

discovered a tiny drain on the far side of the broad and sailed the boat in. The bush covered headlands cut off the wind and I paddled a little way in, disturbing something large and shy on the bank. I headed back out and resumed sailing in time to see two stink potters come in and commence racing around the broad looking for a suitable mooring for the night. Eventually they moored in front of us, blocking us. However, in the gathering gloom of dusk I managed to sneak the dinghy in before the final hulk slotted into position barricading our exit. A pub trip was mooted and warmly agreed upon. On return the mooring ropes and awnings were adjusted before turning in at 11:50. The final log comment reads "Bar. 29.5. Adjacent stink potters kicking up almighty row. Hope for better sleep."

Thursday 1st July: 8:00. Very good night's sleep. Barometer still on 29.5. Wind unchanged. Showers threatened later." We were all slow getting going that morning, despite a scrambled egg on toast breakfast. I felt very dry and my nose, which had been threatening to revolt for the past two days now began to seriously bother me. The water was topped off, before a perambulation was made through Ranworth Nature Reserve. This was a rewarding trip as it brought home some realities as to the fragile nature of the broads environment and the effect we visitors were having on it. I also had not realised how impermanent the broads were in terms of the natural environment. Within twenty years open water could become scrubland if the right conditions were met.

We left the staithe at 14:15 and anchored in the open water. The mainsheet blocks were up to their usual tricks, and we began sailing around the mooring rather than lying comfortably to it as we raised sail. Despite the difficulties we were under sail again and drifting lazily through Ranworth Dam to the open river. We were bothered by occasional gusts, but for the most part the boat trickled along barely making a wake. Once in the open river we commenced a glorious downwind romp. James made an excellent job of the difficult course requiring a gybe on almost every corner in a pleasant breeze. We estimated from comparing our speed to the motorboats that we must have been getting near a speed of six miles per hour on some reaches. This was truly enjoyable sailing with a bright sun beating down, the miles

that had been so hard-won so few hours ago reeling effortlessly under our keel as we swept through the wide marshlands.

We rounded Thurne Mouth and instantly lost speed as the wind swung closer on the bow and the tide started flowing against rather than with us. After two unpleasant gybes off the mouth of Womack Water, I planned an adventurous landing with the wind on the beam. We very nearly overshot the mooring as I hadn't explained to the crew as fully as I should have done what I wanted. Still, the only damage was to my pride and crew relations. The cruiser ahead of us gave me a disapproving look, but forbore from obvious comment. With the sails dropped we motored on to Womack Staithe performing an interesting reverse parking manoeuvre before fussing for five minutes over our precise mooring position. James and Laura disappeared into Ludham for food while I tidied round on deck before diving head first into the cabin as a ferocious shower soaked the boat. I had considered getting wet and putting the awning up, but as it leaked horrendously anyway, I decided discretion was the better part of valour.

While James and Laura were gone I scribbled my name and email address on the back of a business card I had from my band and dug a fiver out of my slightly damp wallet. I had come to the conclusion that my sleepless night had been due at least partly to the young lady at the chandlery, and if I was honest with myself, the decision to overnight in Ludham had not been an entirely cold-blooded decision. James and Laura arrived back before I plucked up my courage and before I had fully secreted the evidence of my intentions. I was unceremoniously kicked out and told not to come back until I'd spoken to her. I groomed myself as well as possible given so many days in a boat without a shower and blustered my way embarrassedly into the office. "She is extremely attractive when slightly embarrassed... Have threatened to return anyway. We shall see what happens."

Having made as dignified an exit as a bright red face would allow, the evening stretched forward with nothing to do but see if the fish were biting. The awnings were rigged and I retired to a nearby bench to nominally read a book, while paying far more attention to the Chandlery door. After a very palatable chili con carne (with extra chili, James' the-

A steersman's eye view of the landscape. Its moods would ebb and flow almost with the changing times, being both hostile, bleak and grey and warmly endearing within the space of a few short hours.

Exquisite craft like this one caught in Friday's calm were a constant pleasure.



ory being that hot food helped to get rid of colds), I returned to my bench, slowly accumulating layers of clothing as low flying jets shot into the cloud strewn sunset and the cold began to come down. The fish were biting, our next door neighbour losing two fly-casts in our rigging, but the women weren't. At 22:00, after another pleasant lemon tea, and with the last notes of the log recorded I turned in, out of sorts with women.

Friday 2nd July: As so often happens, it is only at the very end of a holiday that one really settles into one's surroundings. After another excellent night's sleep I was up at 8:30, although the crew were again slow getting going. While we were getting the awnings down, the boat threw up another shortcoming. The shackle which doubled for the forward awning and the foot of the jib stuck. We all had a go at it, but had to admit to defeat and beg a pair of pliers at the chandlery, which did at least give the bonus of meeting the Chandler's daughter again. It seemed incredible to send out boats that lacked even the most rudimentary of tool kits. Something as simple as a stuck shackle could happen at any time, and in an out-of-the-way creek could be a real nightmare.

With barely a ripple on the surface of the water, we left Womack Water. I was feeling really miserable by this time (like with all men, the merest cold takes on the severity of a mortal sickness if there's any chance of some sympathy!), and James and Laura still weren't sleeping, so a communal and not terribly difficult decision was made to have a gentle motor in the flat calm back through Potter Heigham up to Martham. We calculated that we could be home by 9pm, and as we had to be out of the boat at 9am the following morning anyway, we didn't see that we lost much by curtailing the holiday. Laura stayed in bed as we nosed our way lazily upstream through a hazy sunshine, with barely another boat disturbing the morning peace. It was pleasant to lounge around on deck swabbing mud from the decks where the anchor had come aboard, tidying the ropes around the mast, taking a last few photos.

"Wind rising approaching Potter. Moored and dropped mast without incident. Passed through bridges, moored and raised mast. Feel bloody awful." So awful indeed that my appetite which outside rowing circles is legendary, had abandoned me. I struggled through beans on toast on the bank and thought of warm showers, copious hot chocolate and comfortable beds.

Onwards and upwards we sped with a gentle chugging, a light exhaust following our every move until at last we hove in sight of Martham's huddled bankside form. James executed a neat turn to land upwind, but the maneuver ended in rather botched fashion as

Back in Potter again on the way home, without even the energy to moor the dinghy properly!



a Martham's employee gave awful instructions as to how he wanted us to moor. Still, with rather less elegance than we had hoped for, we arrived back, moored to the end of the cruiser fleet and started to unpack the boat.

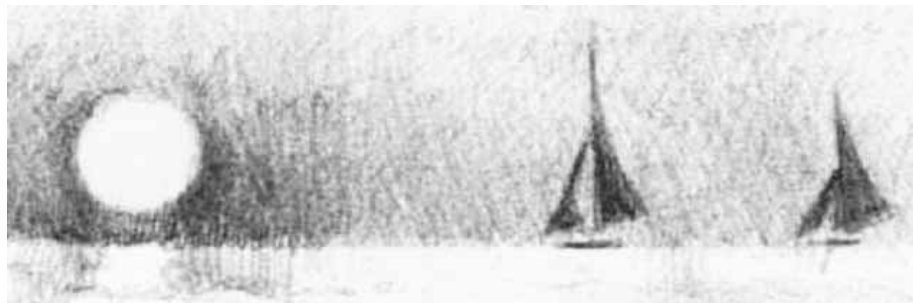
The speed with which the boat was unpacked was astounding, but I already knew that James and Laura had taken less well to the boating lark than I had, and we were on the road at 14:30. We had a strange weather on the run home. Blinding sunlight alternated with some of the worst showers I have ever had the misfortune to drive through, massive drops near-obliterating the road despite the best efforts of the South Korean wiper motors, and in many ways adequately reflecting my own moods about the holiday. I had most certainly bitten off more than I was capable of. Not having sailed a boat for two years, then jumping into a heavy 30 footer on tiny rivers was one hell of a baptism of fire. My natu-

ral over-caution and apprehension had been adequately assisted by the poor maintenance of the boat. However, we had some glorious sails, and saw places that were beautiful and wild in a raw way which is difficult to find on such an over-populated island. By the time I got home at 21:00 I knew that I would be going back. Maybe not with Marthams, but I'd be going back.

And the chandler's daughter? Two days after I got home, an email appeared from Deena thanking me for the drink and apologising for having been so surprised. Next time I'm down there I guess I'll have to buy the drink for her...

Want to Know More About the Broads?

Google Norfolk Broads UK to learn everything you ever would want to know about the attractions of this unique sailing venue.



WEST WIGHT POTTER OWNERS WEB SITE

Technical & Modification Data

List of Potter Owners Worldwide!

Great Sailing Stories & Helpful Tips

No Dues.....Just Information!

www.wwpotterowners.com

Most folk messing about in boats pride themselves with the knowledge that they have spent all of their time on top of the water. In contrast, I will take you through multiple experiences where the boat of the moment was not so fortunate, filling itself with the briny deep. These boats, for various reasons, took on more water than one would like. Some due to structural failures, some due to misjudgment and some simply because the boat seemed destined to be happier resting on the bottom.

I have been literally messing about in boats for as long as I can remember which includes most of my 80 years on this earth. The inspiration for this writing on the subject came as I sat aboard a 19' Buzzards Bay Sloop which had been launched a day earlier. I was sitting onboard watching the effects of an electric bilge pump lowering the water level along the side of the centerboard trunk. The boat had been kept in a heated basement for the winter months, which resulted in seams that seem never to swell back up.

It occurred to me that during my lifetime I had spent far more time than I would like observing the struggles of electric bilge pumps doing their best to clear water that seemed to incessantly flow without mercy. Often this was with wooden boats just after launching. With the larger boats one monitored the time from when the bilge pump stopped pumping to when it started again due to the water rushing in between dried out seams. At first this time interval might be as little as five seconds, then as the day wears on, it is 20-40 second intervals and finally a minute. In time one becomes confident that she'll stay afloat as the off-time increases.

But that's getting ahead of the picture. I take you back to the edge of Gardiners Bay the summer of 1937 where one 6-year-old "skinny-mer-rink" is poling a derelict old boat away from the shore. The boat had arrived unexpectedly one morning and left there as the tide receded. This boat was not meant to float. At one time it was close to a proper workboat but someone decided its useful life was over and drilled large holes in the bottom. Being wood, it floated off and refused to drop to the bottom.



But for me it was a gift from heaven. I tied a long painter to her bow. I would launch her, pole around a bit and when she sank (filled up with water) to the bottom (would no longer hold me afloat) I'd beach her, wait till the water drained out and repeated the process.

For a while she would float long enough for my imagination to take hold. Later in life I even wrote the introductory poem about the experience. One high tide it floated away. I had failed to secure her painter to the shore.

The next summer a real boat (an 8' sharpie) arrived on the beach, a gift from

That Sinking Feeling

By Ray Hartjen

It sank – ALWAYS
But it floated for a while
each time I launched it.
Poled it out and back to shore
it would slide in and out with
the waves at the beach.
It was found with delight sitting
on the beach one spring and
was lost one flood tide because
it had not been properly tied.
It was like losing a friend.
In between – secured to the beach
it became a yacht, a workboat,
an adventure in the deep,
a place to get my sea legs at five.

Mr Van, a neighbor boat builder (Nelson Van Valkenberg). My father immediately equipped it with a mast, a square sail and an oar for a rudder. "Sail down the shore and row home" was the order of the day.



The next year he improved on the rig by adding leeboards from a sailing canoe, a real rudder and a Marconi rigged fore and aft sail.



The boat never did sink unless we did it on purpose. Now why would any 7-year-old want to do that? The answer came as a call from the shore, "Mom, can we sink the dinghy? It's got lots of sand in it and needs cleaning out." This was our excuse but the real reason was that it was fun to try to stay on top of the now upward facing bottom. And it was even more fun to swim underneath and come up in the air pocket and yell back and forth to those still on top.

In later years I had a plan to take groups of adults out in shallow water, tip a boat over and let them experience the sinking process, including how to survive in the trapped air pocket. But the funding for that project never materialized.

I had to wait seven to eight years for another sinking. We had a 14' Gibbs Sea Skiff moored in front of our house. Our neighbor had a 16' Lyman with an unruly outboard. One summer evening, while my family was eating dinner, our neighbor decided to use his boat. He pushed off the beach and attempted to start his outboard without immediate success. It eventually caught on and off he went right into the side of our beloved Gibbs Sea Skiff, stove in the port side just forward of amidships.

Down she went and I truly had that old sinking feeling. I was devastated as I had recently earned my wings and was allowed to cruise about with the aid of the 5hp Briggs & Stratton engine. She didn't go fast and was steered with a vertical handle on the starboard side, linked to the rudder. Push it forward and go left and back to go right. This sinking meant that I was beached for the rest of the summer.

The next summer we had two new boats, an 18' Lyman Islander with a 25hp Grey Marine inboard engine and a wooden Comet class sailboat. My father never bought anything new but he had this time. Having learned to sail single-handed when I was seven, I thought nothing of taking the Comet out on my own. In the summer the wind often blew out of the SW which meant an offshore breeze for me. It also meant that the winds would come tumbling over the shore in gusts. One moment I would be sailing along calmly and the next I would be up on my ear with the lee rail under. If I kept my eye on the water I could see gusts of wind coming by watching the cat-spaws scooting along forward of the bow.



The Comet was a very tender boat. One gust of wind caught me unaware. The next thing I knew the sail was flat on the water but the boat didn't sink as the deck was sufficiently wide to float the boat on its side. I was riding the high side with one foot on either side so it was easy for me to climb out on the centerboard, lean backward with my hands on the high rail and lift the sail out of the water.

A tricky but doable maneuver. If you think a boat is tender with dry sails try sailing with soaking wet ones. This was in 1947 and the sails were beautiful Egyptian cotton that soaked up lots of sea water. Needless to say I went over two more times before I made it back to the mooring. This whole series of nearly sinking had been observed by my mother who had a few words to say about sailing alone.

I gained my 6 Pack (a Coast Guard license for carrying passengers for hire) when I was 18. Got to captain a couple of private yachts (small ones) in my early 20s. Shipped to Japan as an enlisted Army PFC and found a position as skipper of General Mark Clark's 48' fishing boat which I lived on for half a year, graduated to a being skipper of a 65' T boat, the pilot boat for the Port of Yokohama meeting all of our inbound troop ships.

Normally one goes where the Army wants you but in my case the Coast Guard license enabled me to obtain a transfer to duty assigned to a special fleet serving army brass. My orders were signed by General Mark Clark himself.

On one occasion the port dispatcher, through whom I received all of my orders, called on our land line indicating that I was to take a pilot to the vicinity of Yokosuka to meet a tanker which was to hook up to two mooring buoys in order to offload the fuel for the Naval Station. I remember little of the trip south other than that the two other members of our tiny special fleet came along as they had no mission for that day. Roger, a friend from my childhood was now skipper of the Port Commander's 64' ex-air sea rescue craft and Grits, a radio operator was assigned to us.

It was a very fine June day with little sea running on Tokyo Bay. The sun was shining brightly with the temperature in the mid to high 70's. We had no other assignments for the return trip to Yokohama so I decided to lie to to test our fire pump and launch a steel hulled lifeboat that sat in davits on the main cabin. As is often the case with lifeboats the pelican hooks were painted closed and had to be chipped free. My friends were there for the ride not as helpers. My Japanese day crew of three pitched in, pulled off the cover and freed the pelican hooks.

As we swung the davits out and lowered the lifeboat, Roger whispered to Grits, "I'll bet he forgets to put in the plug." Sure enough as soon as the boat hit the water and was free of the hoists she began to sink. I stripped to my shorts and over the side I went, climbed aboard and screwed in the plug.

While in the water one of my Japanese crew called out "Hartjenson Hartjenson, radio, radio" meaning that the port dispatcher was calling Able Able Able Fox, my call letters. I got to the radio as fast as I could only to receive the concerned message, "are we sinking?" "No, I replied" and explained what I was undertaking. He responded, "Next time you test out your safety systems please call the dispatcher."

I looked up and saw that one of the 90' Army tugs was bearing down on me with a bone in its teeth, that is, the skipper had seen us with our lifeboat over the side, decided that we may need assistance and gave the order for Full Speed Ahead. He also received his dispatches on the same radio frequency, had heard my interchange with the operator and proceeded by with a long blast on his horn and a wave of his hand.

The most amazing thing about my assignment as a Corporal in the Army was the fact that I had no sense of being supervised by anyone. I had signed for and was responsible for the maintenance and operation of a "T" Boat, the T-5, a 65' wooden vessel powered by a 12-cylinder Cummings Diesel with nine Japanese crew and a cook who came from the general's 110' yacht when it was decommissioned.

I slept on the Port Commander's 'yacht' along with Roger. I also had two Japanese seaman who were left over from their assignment to the fishing vessel I had previously. Roger and I received food shipments twice a month, which were stored in a walk-in freezer. Our cook prepared all meals in the galley on the "T" boat. We were both enlisted men but lived the life of officers.

Our vessels were inspected once a month by a team of Japanese who always gave us a very high rating, attributed to the excellent job our Japanese crew did in keeping our bilges clean. The harbor dispatcher called with our missions when they came and we checked with him if we were going off on one or the other's vessel.

A captain in charge of the harbor sat in an office overlooking the activities of the port. I never had reason to interact with him until I was assigned to the *FS 375*, an Army inter-island freight ship I helped bring back to the States. He called me into his office to see what I had done with a three-bladed bronze propeller that had been replaced on the fishing boat to which I had been assigned. I found it outside the boat shed where it was laid when a new one had been installed. Having accounted for this item of US Army property I was free to leave for the States.

I volunteered to return to the States on an Army 175' inter-island freight ship as boatswain. It took 28 days to cross the Pacific with stops at Midway and Hawaii. I had the 4-8 watch and saw every sunrise and sunset. They knew I loved to sail and took every opportunity to jibe me about the lack of winds day after day as we made our way to Oakland. It was obviously not the route one would take if you planned to sail.

The first summer between college years I skippered another yacht, this time a pretty big one. A 45' beautifully crafted wooden motor sailor that had been built in 1938 at the Davis Boatworks in Solomons Island, Maryland, and was owned by an Executive VP of Bankers Trust. There were no sinking experiences during that year.

The following three summers I taught sailing, two on a lake outside of Augusta, Maine, and one in Duxbury, Massachusetts. It was during my second summer in Maine where there was a sinking of sorts worth mentioning. As the head of the sailing program, I wanted to give the girls the opportunity to learn how to handle man overboard situations and capsizing. A student could not attain skipper status without going through both drills successfully.

To facilitate this program I talked the camp owner into buying a Snipe class sailboat simply because it would float on its side as my Comet did. I found Snipe #2222 at a very good price and towed it to the camp. This I used with many sets of students to guide them through the exercise of forcibly tipping the boat over to the point where it laid with its sail flat on the water but afloat due to the wide side deck.

The girls, all with life jackets, learned to reach up from their positions in the water, grab hold the projecting daggerboard and carefully pull until the boat came back up, being certain to get out from under as it did so. It all went well while I was there in charge.

But once, when I had the day off, my assistant thought she would guide the girls through the exercise. What she didn't do was to keep the boat from turning turtle. Something I had done all the time without talking about it was to keep sufficient pressure on the daggerboard to keep the boat from turning turtle. No one was hurt in this exercise but the boat lost its means of sailing across the wind. The daggerboard had slipped out of the case and dropped to the bottom of the lake.

The only problem was that no one had ever found the bottom of the lake at that point. The daggerboard was lost forever. The message is clear, one, be sure to securely secure the daggerboard to the boat with a stout rope or chain and two, be sure to train well your assistant in all the nuances of tricky maneuvers.

When camp was over three of my friends joined me on the coast at the head of Blue Hill Bay along with my newly acquired Lightning class sailboat hull #958. In the next ten days we covered the waters to Schoodic Point inside the island and returned outside. On the return trip up Blue Hill Bay, about Neskeag, near Brooklin, Maine, where *WoodenBoat* has its offices, we barely stayed afloat. We had had a grand experience spending each night on a different island in our sleeping bags and cooking over open fires.

We had gained a lot of experience sailing on the rugged coast of Maine and were eager to return to a few nights sleeping in the splendor of a very fine "cottage" that Andrea's parents had been allowed to use because of their prestige, both having Chairs at their respective universities, Columbia and Sarah Lawrence. It was located at the head of Blue Hill Bay.

The wind was dead astern so, without any thought, we raised our green spinnaker. The wind was well up in the teens and a fair following sea was helping us sprint north. Our Lightning was heavily weighted down with camping gear and storage containers for our food. Joe was at the helm, I believe, when we traveled down a following sea and began to broach.

My heart jumped into my throat. I was convinced this time we were going over (with the boat sinking because of all the weight we had on board) carried by the spinnaker, which by now was well to port. BUT the lord was on our side and the screws holding the spinnaker halyard block broke loose and the whole rig plunged into the sea with our boat immediately righting itself.

Within minutes we had the spinnaker on board and the jib up. This was not a sinking but surely a close call that set the stage for a later real dunking.

That winter I fixed the spinnaker halyard block the right way by drilling through

the mast and through the brass sail track and bolted the block in such a way that it couldn't possibly break loose.

It was May a few years later when I invited another couple, Ann and Lane, to join me and my date for a weekend in East Hampton at my family's house on the edge of Gardiners Bay where I had first learned to sail and deal with sunken boats. My Lightning class sailboat sat ready on its trailer prepped earlier than usual for a May 9 launching.

We had a great sail on Saturday but Sunday brought slightly foul weather with wind out of the east. We had to sail the boat back to Three Harbor where the trailer rested adjacent to a good boat launching ramp.

We all dressed in foul weather gear. Mine included knee high boots. As we rounded Lyons Head we got the bright idea to raise the green spinnaker to speed our trip

to the ramp. Being the first sail of the season we were somewhat out of practice. For some reason more of us moved forward than what would normally be required to raise and trim a spinnaker. There wasn't much of a sea but the weight forward caused most of the rudder to come out of the water.

As a consequence the boat broached but this time the halyard block held and over we went. I stayed dry sitting on the high side but everyone else was soaked in the very chilly May waters. We were about a half-mile offshore with winds that would have blown us parallel to the shore maybe ten miles unless we did something to move towards shore.

I swam out and released the main halyard so the sail could be brought down. We righted the boat and positioned a person in each of the corners of the water filled cockpit to keep her on an even keel. I asked that the jib be raised. With it we were able to sail to shore even though the hull was fully submerged and floating with the deck even with the water.

When we arrived a good-hearted family, who had observed the whole mishap, met us with warm blankets and scotch to warm our innards. The boat was dragged up the beach and secured for the night. My friend Lane suffered hypothermia that progressed to pneumonia and a long recovery. I was his best man and he mine. We still tell this tale many, many years later. The date of this sinking was May 10, 1960.

My next experience below the water's surface came this time outside of Pittsburgh when I was working on my doctorate and sailing with my wife and two daughters on the Allegheny River just upstream of where it turns into the Ohio River. We had found a Thistle class sailboat in Connecticut. Our launch site was a rowing and sailing club of long standing where we stored the boat on land.

Our goal for the day was to travel upriver complete with lunch in a cooler and just enjoy the beauty of early fall. Wife and daughters sailed with the utmost confidence in me carried forth by their knowledge that Dad had sailed all of his life and knew all that was to be known about waters and sailing a boat. As you may know a Thistle is a hot boat that can be sailed before the wind on a plane. I was not about to test its limits with two young girls on board.

Our sail upriver went without a hitch. Strong gusts occasionally heeled the boat but nothing that was scary. We all felt really good about the day's sail. It wasn't until we were relatively close to the club that we were becalmed. I had the main secured rather tightly to a block and cleat on the centerboard trunk. To the west of us was a very tall hill, a mini-mountain.

Without warning a zephyr slipped down the hillside and hit us midway up the main-sail without a ripple on the water. We heeled to one side and scooped up maybe some 30 gallons of water. I immediately put the rudder over but too far, presenting the other side of the main ready for a second gust to tip us over enough to gain a similar amount of water. We were knee-deep with water up to the top of the centerboard trunk. Our only available container that could be used to bail her out was a Styrofoam cooler which I immediately rejected as it appeared to be too weak to do the job.

Another item onboard would have saved the day but it never occurred to me to put it to use. Later in a similar sinking in the Port

Tobacco River I realized what I had overlooked in the Allegheny River sinking. (The answer to this riddle appears below.)

There were many boats about. The one nearest to us offered a tow, which I foolishly accepted. I am sure you can imagine what happened next. Water continued to enter the boat via the opening of the centerboard trunk. Finally, as the boat filled with water it was decided to move my wife and daughters to the towboat. As they were transferred to safety the Thistle turned over, scaring everyone. They were taken to the dock leaving me with the now righted but sunken boat to swim to shore.

I would start by pushing the boat off with my feet against the transom and swimming after it. But there was a hitch, I experienced a severe pain in my chest which I didn't identify until years later as angina. Thankfully it all turned out well, everyone survived but I lost for many years the company of wife and daughters as I sailed about single-handed. Their confidence had been shattered.

It wasn't until many years later when sailing that same Thistle on the Port Tobacco River outside of DC that my eldest daughter asked, "if I had been a boy would you have taught more about sailing?" She had forgotten the Allegheny River incident and had taken to horseback riding along with her sister. I would drop them off at the stable, cut through some back roads and go off sailing alone. To complete the picture, Lisa is now in Baltimore and sails with a club of sailing enthusiasts that have a fleet of boats at their disposal. She is ready to be certified as a skipper.

I was sailing single-handed again. Goose Bay, Maryland, is well protected from NW winds so it is easy to launch a boat and get underway without sailing with the lee rail close to the water. I enjoy the thrill of sailing close to disaster with the lee rail half submerged. I call that maneuver "kissing death."

As I passed from the protection of Goose Bay to cross the waters of the Port Tobacco River I was 'dun in' by the day's stiff NW winds. There was no time to release the mainsheet. The Thistle just laid her lee rail under and filled to the gunnels. I was able to get her to a nearby shore but, as was the case on the Allegheny River, I did not have any means of bailing her out, or so I thought.

Upon reflection, looking over what was on board, I realized that I had a sail bag. Why not use it to scoop up some water and dump it over the stern. The fact is that a sail bag filled with water is really too heavy to lift but one could rest the open end over the stern and dump its contents. It took a lot of effort but as soon as the water was down to the floorboards I was able to sail her back to the launching ramp.

It wasn't until the '80s that I again got to work with boats that had trouble staying afloat. That began with my acquiring a skipjack. Having been built in 1904 she was tired and somewhat filled with rot. This led to *Washington Post* headlines, "Historic Ship Saved from Sinking." Her deck never got wet. But that begins another chapter in my life's sinking experiences, which, as I recall, includes eight larger boats.

Hopefully as you read through these episodes you have gained some insight into how to successfully overcome a disastrous situation and survive.

Raymond H. Hartjen, President, The East End Classic Boat Society East Hampton, New York



KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Row & Sail Models

BAY of MAINE BOATS

P.O. Box D • Kennebunkport, ME 04046-1693
maineboats@roadrunner.com

Casco Bay Kayak Cruise 1989

By Chuck Wright

Three of us travelled by kayak from South Portland, Maine, through Casco Bay, around Small Point, up the Kennebec and down the Sasanoa Rivers to Knubble Bay in the summer of 1988. I thought the nicest part of the trip had been among the islands of northeastern Casco Bay, so for 1989 I decided to explore the area further. I planned a route which would take us northeast through the islands from Spring Point in South Portland around Orrs Island and back, a minimum distance of about 35 miles. While I hoped to do this, I was prepared to modify my plans to suit conditions and my companions' abilities.

It looked for some time as if only two of us would be doing the trip, the two who had paddled with me last year were busy this year. Then a fellow with whom I had been biking signed on. Neither Doug nor Bob, both from the Cape, had experience paddling solo kayaks but I felt they were capable. Then, a few days before we were to leave, Tammy called asking to join us. I'd not met Tammy, she was from Ipswich, so I had reservations about inviting her until she mentioned the boat she paddled, an English Nordkapp. This is a demanding boat used by experienced kayakers. I lead these trips as what are referred to as "B" trips by the Appalachian Mountain Club, they are not advertised, giving the leader discretion to refuse inclusion to anyone not qualified. This is usually reserved for trips that could be dangerous. I did it just in case I'd need it, but never turned away anyone who wanted to paddle with me.

We met, as we did last year, at the home of a friend in South Portland and put in on the morning of August 15, a Tuesday. The weather was hot, humid and hazy. Loading our boats on the lawn of the Southern Maine Vocational and Technical Institute, we were amused to watch Tammy having to load her kayak item by item through small hatches, leave it to the British to come up with the hard way to do something. To her credit, she dealt well with our kidding.

Once on the water I discovered that sun and water had all but obliterated the numbers on my compass, oops! But I did manage to figure out our course and we were on our way. The first day's paddle was down the channel between Peak Island and the Diamond Islands, along the inside of Long Island to Great Chebeague Island and around its corner to Crow Island. This was an easy paddle with a fairly strong following wind. Crow Island is a cozy little island with a good cove on the northeast side. It is thickly vegetated with wild raspberry and has a ramshackle cabin on it.

Wednesday dawned hot, humid, windy and very foggy, quarter to half mile visibility. Crossing to Stockman Island, we made our way along the inside of this island to its northern end from where I planned to make the jump to the lower end of Whaleboat Island. This was only about three-quarters of a mile, but it was a very long three-quarters of a mile in the fog with the wind and waves coming up Broad Sound. Both Bob and Doug had trouble with their boats weathercocking and even Tammy had some difficulty with her Nordkapp, it seemed to want to fall off the wind. Following a compass course and adjusting for the strong incoming tide, I was very relieved when the marker on Whaleboat materialized out of the fog. From there we still had a mile to Potts Harbor, but finding Whaleback gave me confidence. We could hear lobster boats in the fog but seldom saw them.

Coming ashore at the marina in Potts Harbor, we were met by a kayak tour group that had a lot of questions. They were trying to go out to one of the islands but were told it was too foggy and windy. After a stretch on land, we returned to our boats to enter Merriconeag Sound. As we paddled away from the more open water, the fog cleared and it became a beautiful, hot day. As we came opposite the bridge between Orrs and Bailey Islands, it occurred to me that perhaps we should do the east side of Orrs Island as I was not sure what the tide was like in the narrow cut at the north end of the island. Better to be a bit late today than have our entire schedule thrown off for the next day. As it turned out, there seems no problem with the tide there, and once again this was one of the prettiest spots on the trip. Again we saw several seals in the area.

We made camp on the little island off Strawberry Creek. The best place to land and bring the boats above high tide is the south side where there's an open camping area, all but the south side dries out at low tide. Wednesday night was the night of an eclipse of the moon and we had an ideal vantage point, the sky was almost perfectly clear. I'd heard the eclipse was to be at about 10:30 so we turned in at 9:00 with alarms set for 10:30, only to discover we'd missed the first part of it, but we saw much of it and it was a very pretty night.

Thursday morning was clearer and drier, a weak cold front having come through. We set out that morning on flat water for the first time. It was a beautiful paddle down Harpswell Sound. Approaching Potts Harbor, Doug suggested we look at the coves at Haskell Island. They were strikingly beautiful and we paddled within a few feet of the sheer rock walls in the shade of the trees above. The smaller cove had a tiny creek from a pretty marsh. Paddling up it, we were met by a man who told us we were the first boats he'd seen come into it. Kayaks or canoes offer the only way to explore places like this.

Stopping at the Potts Harbor marina again, we hung around for a long time eating lunch, watching the activity and finally showering ourselves with the hose on the dock for washing boats. Finally on the water again, we decided to take a more exposed way back since it was such a beautiful day. We headed southeast to Jewell Island. As we approached, some rather threatening looking clouds began to build to the northwest so we decided to go inside rather than outside Jewell. We encountered some disturbed water between Jewell and Cliff Islands, evidently the result of some sort of tidal conflict. Rounding the south end of Cliff Island, we crossed Luckse Sound, entered Chandler Cove and camped on Little Chebeague Island. It has a long sandy beach facing Chandler Cove. There are impressive shell middens at the edge of the beach. We wondered, could Native Americans have camped here? It certainly would have been an ideal place, well protected from the ocean with access to ample clam flats.

We had only a short paddle to Spring Point on Friday, so we decided to go around the outside of Long Island to make the most of another perfect day. This was a good

decision as this shore, exposed to the open ocean, has a different beauty from the more sheltered islands in Casco Bay. We paddled into Harbor Grace, then stopped in a pretty, sandy cove next to Shark Cove. Here we had lunch, lay on the beach and went for a swim. Leaving this idyllic spot, we turned inland between Long and Peak Islands and paddled to Fort Gorges on Hog Island Ledge built to protect Portland. We landed and explored this Civil War granite fort which was outmoded before it was completed by the development of cannon with rifled barrels which could penetrate granite walls.

We got back to my friends' house early enough to avail ourselves of their offer of showers and cold beers before they arrived home. After an enjoyable dinner with them, we drove to the Appalachian Mountain Club Knubble Bay Camp. There we joined 15 others for a paddle to the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath on Saturday. On Sunday, Tammy, Bob Porter, who joined us Saturday evening, and I paddled to the head of Robinhood Cove before getting on the road for home. Robinhood Cove and the Beal Island area seemed to have more osprey than anywhere else I've seen on the Maine coast. It certainly is an attractive area and surprisingly undeveloped.

I can hardly imagine any way this trip could have been better, except maybe if it had been longer. Sometimes a group of people seems to click together. This was one of those times. The weather was such as to give just enough challenge to be interesting. The scenery is beautiful. The islands are delightful. This was kayaking at its best and going by kayak is by far the best way to do such a trip.

Comments on leading trips: I try to get everyone to share in the leadership of my trips, but someone has to assume the major responsibility. This can be rather intimidating. All sorts of "what ifs" run through my head. All I can do is try to plan well (once again, I had compass bearings mapped out in advance of the trip), try to be flexible, continuously evaluate the abilities of all (especially important with relative beginners) and try to leave a margin of safety. This is not particularly easy, nor am I always good at it, but the satisfaction of leading a successful trip is worth the effort. This year I was the only one with charts, having lacked time to photocopy them for the others, not a very good idea. And then there were those faded numbers on my compass...

Paddling among the islands of the Casco Bay offers delightful paddling with a variety of experiences in relative safety. It's now 22 years since I did this trip so no doubt some things have changed, but I imagine much of its beauty survives.

I canoed and kayaked in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Maine and Ontario from 1974 to 1991, often with members of the Appalachian Mountain Club. I wrote of several of these trips and several of the stories were published in *Messing About in Boats*. This one was published November 15, 1989. I've edited and expanded it slightly.

Editor Comments: Tammy (Venn), who joined Chuck at the last minute, went on in the next few years to write the AMC paddling guidebook, *Sea Kayaking Along the New England Coast* (available from AMCoutdoors.org) and launch her own magazine, *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker*, still publishing over 20 years later (www.atlanticcoastalkayaker.com).

I drove to Kevin's house on Friday night so we could make an early start the next morning. We left Frederick, Maryland, at 5am Saturday, December 8, to beat the traffic around Washington DC. We drove south 1,240 miles, pretty much nonstop, and arrived at Ocean-gate Marina at 2am Sunday and grabbed some sleep in the boat. After waking we settled with the marina and had a quick breakfast. The television told us that the weather window was good for another go, so, before 9am Sunday we launched and were off.

The harbormaster was a little skeptical about the passage but when we told him about the February trip he just shrugged and said, "Timing is everything." He's right. We were under pressure of time this vacation and had planned for a figure eight loop around the lower keys but, really, both of us were primed to go do the Dry Tortugas passage again. As long as we had the weather we really wanted to repeat our February passage.

In a light breeze from the northeast, we rounded Key West and were swept down on Kingfish Shoal by a strong southgoing current. We just barely missed the shoals around Cut "A" range markers. By reading the water we worked north enough to fetch the gate south of Mule Key that begins the Lakes Passage.

There's a lot of shallow water on Lakes Passage. It is fairly uniform in depth except for Gates off Mule Key, Archer Key and Boca Grande. The channels are well marked and easy to see. There was quite a crowd at the protected beach on the northwest corner of Boca Grande Key. Most were high speed flats fishing boats nosed up on the beach.

We entered Boca Grande Channel in a light easterly with deceptive visibility. We approached Gull Rocks and were within a mile and a quarter of the Marquesas without seeing any sign of them, although they are quite large and high.

Then the fog lifted and there was land everywhere to the north of us. There are random brain coral bricks about a half-mile off the Marquesas so it is good to keep a sharp lookout and maintain some offing. There is a grand archipelago of mangrove islands surrounding a large, well protected Mooney Harbor. We were warned about mosquitoes but there is no fresh water, so no bugs. In fact, in two trips we've found no bugs anywhere.

It is tempting to anchor inside Mooney Harbor but we were anxious about the second leg so we anchored outside just to the west. This provided good protection from the usual easterly winds. Key West is far enough south so the trade winds are well established. The winds vary from northeast to southeast most of the time. We ate quickly and turned in. Kevin said, "Whoever wakes first wakes the other."

It was a beautiful night with great stars. Monday morning I woke first at 2:30am and then woke Kevin. We had anchored a little too close to land and at low tide had some trouble with grounding on our way out. A nine mile flasher on Cosgrove Shoal guided us to the deeper water and we were on our way in a light easterly.

I was steering by Orion to keep us south of the Quicksand but a strong set to the north brought us back on the shallow bank. At one point I heard the tide rushing over a shoal spot but our catboat had plenty of water everywhere on that bank.

The problem was that the Quicksand is a bombing and strafing range for the Navy boys at Pensacola. There are unlit, rusty tar-

Second Trip to Dry Tortugas

By Mike Wick
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA



gets at random places throughout. In February we had found some in the dark and again, just at dawn, I saw unlit and twisted pilings close onboard to starboard. Sunrise is always a comfort after an early start.

It was a beautiful day for the big push. Wind was from the southeast and mild. Rebecca Shoal was abeam at 9:30am. We were more than halfway to our destination. At 11am we sighted *Yankee Freedom III*, the daily ferry from Key West, passing to the north of us.

We had both my Garmin 76 Cx and Kevin's more basic GPS. Either set had plenty of information for this kind of trip. We just kept adjusting for tide and observed the set on passing crab pots and the plot on the little screen. By 12:30pm we had made landfall on Fort Jefferson, the lighthouse on Loggerhead Key, then East and Hospital Keys. By 1:30pm we anchored off the dinghy beach in the Garden Key anchorage.

Being a bit tired of our own cooking we rushed for our wallets and waded ashore to buy our lunch from the ferry. We had experienced a 50-mile passage at 4.8 knots. We were glad to have left early and were halfway on our journey.

In the afternoon we wandered around in the cool shade of the fort, talking to tourists, the rangers and stretching our legs. One ranger remembered us from our February visit and was interested in general about small boat passages. We then waded back aboard and anchored for a night of wonderful star gazing at the anchorage. Jupiter was close to the Pleiades.



On these trips we always seem to be able to sleep from dusk to dawn, even if it is more than 12 hours. We woke in the morning to find a lovely reaching wind. Feeling the pressure of time we turned to each other and said, "YEP." By 8am we were on our way again. When you are on top of the mountain you shouldn't turn down a gift from the gods.

It turned out not to be quite the gift we hoped for though. A beautiful broad reach near hull speed brought us most of the way to Rebecca Shoal. The breeze fizzled and leaving us becalmed near Halfmoon Shoal in the late afternoon. We tried our best but knew we had to use the outboard and adjust course north in order to come in on the Marquesas from the north.

That was the best nighttime approach and we aimed to snug in for the night on the northwest corner of the Islands. It was well after dark when we sighted the 1-second flasher on the tower between New Ground and the flasher on Ellis Rock. We would use this as a turning mark for our approach. We were anxious to anchor for the night with lightning all around us but we had to make a careful approach to avoid various obstructions that were on the chart, such as submerged platform ruins and a mile-wide circle of pilings. We got closer to the flasher on Ellis Rock but it wouldn't appear.

We were within a quarter mile of our waypoint and still couldn't see the light, so we decided that it was time to believe either that the buoy had been struck or the light had failed. I couldn't see to steer (I am scheduled for cataract surgery in a month) and so I held the flashlight and had Kevin steer first east along a latitude line then south along a longitude line to clear all the charted obstructions.

Even with this precaution I still sighted two large rusty pylons close to port, though Kevin couldn't find them with his light. Still, I knew they were there and they made me anxious. I got my training as navigator of a deep draft Navy freighter and this 1' draft catboat was a different kind of piloting altogether.

We were at anchor and in our sleeping bags well into the night when I asked Kevin what the time was. His reply was, "9:30." It didn't seem like 9:30. Next morning, Wednesday, I woke with the calm of dawn and, after looking around, called Kevin. No pylons, no pilings, no flasher but a beautiful double rainbow to the west. No rain but high humidity. My obstructions had disappeared with the night but Kevin forgave my anxiety. The strenuous part of our trip was over.

We caught a whisper of a southeasterly breeze through an intricate channel into Mooney Harbor. We sailed as far as we could around the harbor, a chance to breathe now that we are down off the mountain.

Once we had found all the parts of that sector that we could float in, we went outside and found a nice beach to swim from and explore off the boat for a bit. In the interim, the wind had picked up rapidly and we used the chance to tuck in a single reef on the beach. A fast crab across Boca Grande Channel brought us in a little north of Boca Grande.

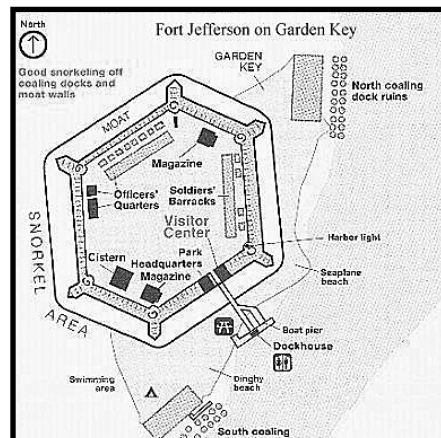
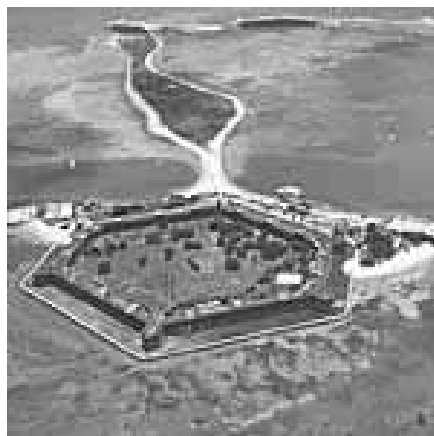
We found the Lakes Passage a little too shallow for upwind work with any centerboard, so we ran off to the north and searched for an anchorage. First we tried Cottrell Key, off the Northwest Channel leading into Key West, but there were dive boats and mooring balls so we figured they didn't want any catboats interfering with their diving. We

crossed the middle ground and found a nice little anchorage just off Fleming Key.

We had company, but nowhere as much company as we would find there in February when the snowbirds had had more time to really flock south. The insurance companies insist they have to stay north of Norfolk until the first of November to keep them away from hurricanes. After Sandy it seems as if that wasn't the right plan this year. There is something to be said for having boats that can easily be trailered instead.

Thursday brought a calm morning for inspecting the fleet in Frankfort Bight and a run to the truck for some changes of food and clothing. Then we took advantage of the brisk norther to run east along the weather shore of Stock Island, Boca Chica, Geiger Key and into Saddlebunch Harbor. The wind was quite stiff and Saddlebunch offered little protection from a north wind but we finally found a good lee up next to the Route 1 Bridge tucked under Snake Key. There was traffic noise but no waves. We slept fine.

Friday was overcast and windy, a typical norther, so we made a fast passage back to OcéanGate Marina and headed for home. Two hundred ten miles in six days.



By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com



- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale

- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified

Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: info@by-the-sea.com

Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

messing
about in
BOATS



Mail Orders

12 Months — \$32 (Payable by Check)

To: Messing About in Boats

29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-1943

3 Months Trial Subscription — \$8

Mail Order Only

Internet Orders

12 Months — \$36 (Payable by Credit Card)

To: www.duckworksbs.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted

**small craft
messabout movement**

Neck & Ear Sun Protection + SCMM embroidery
70 cotton/30 nylon • Water and stain-repellent DuPont™
Teflon® • Rayosan® treated to reflect UV (UPF 45+) •
Terry sweatband • Mesh lining • 3.75" Bill with dark
undersivor to reduce glare • Cape with zipper pocket
• Lanyard & clip • Barrel lock on drawstring adjusts size
Visit: www.StitchNinias.com/scmm

THREE VERY DIFFERENT CRUISES

We don't think there's ever been a Wooden Boat Festival when we haven't overheard a spectator say, "Oh it's so pretty. I wouldn't have the heart to put it in the water." Occasionally they're looking at new construction, but we've heard the remark made to someone like Chris Cunningham who has just finished taking the subject boat down the Mississippi or 2,000 miles along the Intercoastal Waterway. Alongshore loungers often confuse our beloved craft with furniture or other objects that shouldn't be left out in the rain.

Wrong. Wooden boaters use their boats, though in different ways. Here are three cruises of different lengths, undertaken for three different reasons by three very different crews. In fact, the only thing they had in common was that they were cruises in wooden boats. □

ROLLING DOWN FROM JUNEAU

On July 22, our Director went to Juneau, Alaska to bring a donated boat to our CWB headquarters. The boat was a 25' cat/yawl sharpie from Bolger's book, *The Folding Schooner and Other Adventures in Boat Design*. It had unstayed masts, leeboards, and a pair of leg-o-mutton spritsails. Since it was a fully-equipped sail-it-away donation (there was even an engine), Dick decided to singlehand it down.

He hoisted sail and headed south on July 22, arriving at the headwaters of Lake Union on September 21. It was the longest he had been away from the Center for its ten-year history. This brief account is from the postcards he mailed to us during his cruise. It loses something in the translation from the little cards it was written on, embellished with marginal drawings, PSeS, PPSeS, & arrows leading from one little gob of tortured writing to the next, but it keeps its immediacy. 28 July, Petersburg

I'm sailing! Not a bad little boat, all in all. The big macho Southeast Alaska winds come sporadically, but it's mostly lazy sailing. First few days beautiful, next poco a poco, last two overcast, cold, foggy. I love it here. It's basically like Puget Sound: just multiply the geographic dimensions by 4 & reduce the human population & its associated dreck by 4, & that's Southeast. This is the first town I've passed in a week. Lonely coves otherwise. Lots of whales, dolphins, seals, sea-lions (some), sea otters (one), seagulls, jumping salmon, eagles, space. The music of nature & a good boat.

Southeast is the space between people. Had breakfast today at Irene's Cafe. Gave me a paper

Dick Wagner runs the Pacific northwest's mecca for wooden boat people, The Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle. He gave us his blessing for reprinting the following three articles from his publication, "Shavings". For more about the Center, contact:

THE CENTER FOR WOODEN BOATS
1010 Valley Street
Seattle, Washington 98109
Phone (206) 382-BOAT



25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



Marty Loken

The end of an almost endless summer. Dick sails into Seattle's Shilshole Bay the evening of September 21. The oar-like mizzen sprit is an oar. Not original equipment.

from Minot, North Dakota. They don't even know where they are!

The boat sails itself close-hauled. That gives me time to read, write, sing, talk to the fish, & putter. Motor & I don't get along, so I only use it when it's in the mood, which is rarely.

1 August

Made it to Ketchikan. It's amazing how it perches on the edge of a cliff. There is a tunnel through one spur to widen the main (only) street.

Still sailing. Lucky with following winds most of the time since I left Petersburg. Sail last night unbelievable, black as a coal mine & a gale wind behind me. Nothing but me, the phosphorescence of the waves & a blinking light at N. end of Tongass Narrows — all the rest blackness. Scared the hell out of me.

Awed by the space without humans — big waters, big islands, big sky. Sun has come back. Dolphins too. Alaska has the best classic trollers, gillnetters, seiners, & tugs. Saw a neat tug (Foss) that looked like a vintage 1900 still towing & looking good.

4 August

I'm actually held prisoner in this tiny boat in Port Simpson B.C. Crossed into Canada (past 54°-40') in a long easy sail. Today we have a S.W. snorting up Chatham Sound. Have 20 miles as the eagle flies to Prince Rupert & no place to stop between. I can't make it in this blow, so lolling in my detention cell. Just noon now & blue sky everywhere. This means N.W. wind tomorrow or my name isn't Captain Cook.

Keep the mayo off my desk, please.

12 August

Northern B.C. is just as awesome, just as lonely, & maybe even more spectacular than S.E. It's a land that will never be tamed — too powerful. There are ruins of canneries all over: amazing

energy expended to clear the trees, build the docks, the buildings, now all returning to mulch.

Prince Rupert best stop yet. Had someone to talk to; listen to. Didn't have to sing to the porpoise & eagles. I sailed so long in a world I can't measure. I slipped & slid with care & caution for three weeks. Maybe I needed a return to dimensions I can understand.

Decided to take the "inside" route; baby the boat, baby myself. Left P.R. in almost calm & ran into 25-30 kt. N.W. winds & wild seas for the rest of the day & all of the next. Two days on a roller coaster. Mizzen sprit snapped like a toothpick but it was too wimpy anyway. Replaced it with an oar I found afloat. Works fine. Main downhaul cleat pulled out. Tie down to mast partners now. Back, shoulders, & wrists still recuperating & it's been two lazy days since that killer sail. I'm waiting for wind or enough energy to yank on engine. Never can tell with that sucker.

Rain (mist) gives that extra air of mystery to this land & it smells good. Quiet except for occasional splash of a jumping salmon.

14 August

I, personally, have just heard the cry of an eagle. I parked next to an eagle's nest at S.E. corner Dowager Isl. Not a big deal sound. Imagine a kid on a squeaky swing — about four squeaks. Yesterday a balmy following wind & 80 temp. like sailing in a hot bathtub. More relaxing than a rum-&-water in the cockpit, watching the sunset, but I had that, too.

Klemtu, tiny Indian village has a bakery! I walked in & thought I smelled heaven. Bought bread & breakfast rolls, still hot. They have a grocery store too — heavy supplies of lard & Velveeta, but they do have crunchy peanut butter. Hurrah for Klemtu. Will try for Bella Bella tomorrow. Wouldn't be surprised if they had quiche.

Please no mustard on desk either.

And please send me a pen, I can't write in pencil.

19 August

I'm on strike. At anchor in Safety Cove we have rain, cold, & S.E. wind. Yuck. Won't go until wind (at least) blows from somewhere else. S.E. wind at this point will only help if I'm heading for Tahiti. I'm considering. I also demand a refund for 5 consecutive days with no sun. My tan is fading. I KNOW we're due for a change soon — 60% sun & N.W. winds this time of year. Statistics, where are you when I need you?

I made this cove at 10:30 last night, milking every little puff from every direction — 18 miles in 10 hours.

So many cruise ships coming & going that I'm surprised there are no collisions. These babies are BIG & the passages are small & twisty. I'm sometimes startled to see the bow of a huge white ship suddenly emerge around an island ½ mile ahead. I see passengers jogging around the deck, something I can't do.

Back to writing with a pen. I bought out the stock at the Namu store (2). Stopped at Bella Bella, but it was Saturday night & the town was shut.

26 August

Aside from one "10" day for sun (but no wind), this has been a week of cold, rain, no wind, & fog. I got into a little bash in Port Hardy. I thought I

knew what the boat could do, but this time I asked a little too much. Now I know I can't rely on past performance. Almost the same thing happened today but I put my back to the helm & she fell off, just what I'd expected in Port Hardy.

I keep expecting more N.W. wind. Today I made 25 mi. — Robson Bight to Kelsey Bay sailing from 9-5:30. I had to stop because wind usually quits between 6 & 8 & there is no moorage for 18 miles plus I had only 1 hour of fair tide. After that a 5 kt. ebb would stop me like a wall. This is Johnstone Strait & you don't argue with the current. Next flood begins at 1 am & if there's any wind, I'll take it. Kelsey Bay is a tiny nook filled with fishing boats. I was last in, so I tied to a fish boat next to an opening in the seawall & get all the swell. I couldn't sleep here anyway. Okay, after getting all that out, I'm fine. I've had some good sails past 2 days & I'll be back when I get back.

27 August

I wrote a card to you this afternoon, just after arriving at Kelsey Bay after a good, hard, 25-mile sail to find a tiny, no facilities whirlpool of dirty water & knowing I had to wait for the tide change. So I wrote a downer. It's just that coming back to the dirty, tumultuous world seemed unfair. There is no magic at K.B.

Had a special non-dimensional feeling sailing in the fog. Had a great sense of triumph making my destination after 8 miles of blind sailing. Also the thrill of watching a great whale showing off for me for several miles. A parade of orcas followed me into Robson Bight. I could hear them breathing for an hour after dark. Just them & me in the cove.

The dear old tub *Lotus* came by & Curt tossed me a brown paper sack which I caught, thank God. Inside was a bottle of beer, an orange, & a cleverly wrapped slice of rhubarb pie.

I've found some damage from the rock incident in Port Hardy. The skeg split, but it's held by a throughbolt. It looks easy to fix — need to get the bottom painted anyway. I've forgiven the dim-witted fisherman. The skeg got busted while I was teaching him the art of tying the tower to the towie. Tomorrow I will stroll into the village & mail this. Looking forward to more sailing — fabulous days interspersed with simply good days.

L'INSURGENTE AND THE RIVER OF THE MOON

L'Insurgente is seven years old but still dreams of what she will be when she "grows up." You may recall her from boat shows, a bright finished cold-molded eighteen foot open boat people have described as a cross between a whitehall and an Australian*18. When the wind blows, she hoists 150 feet of canvas on two masts, using a sliding gunter rig so that the sails stow on the seats when she has to rely on an ash breeze. In short, she is a handful to sail, just barely stable enough for open water cruising, and yet a big rowboat that takes some doing to get fairly underway.

Her limitations have little to do with her dreams. She imagines herself someday hammering around Cape Horn — or at least circumnavigating Vancouver Island. Knowing that children must have their fantasies, I have sailed her solo from Seattle to that "other" boat show in Port Townsend, and taken her on a circumnavigation of Mercer Island from her Lake Union launching point (don't laugh — it's farther than you think). On one memorable voyage of exploration — she is incurably curious — *L'Insurgente* made what may be the only recorded round trip from Magnuson Park to Bothell Landing. Ah, but that was a mistake. She discovered rivers, and now imagines herself flying through whitewater on the way from Yellowknife to the Arctic.



Jim Sand

L'Insurgente begins her journey down the Ish Rivers.

When I first proposed a voyage down the Snoqualmie to pacify my boat's fantasies, my daughter — who had done it in a canoe — and other friends uniformly exclaimed that I should not risk my beautiful boat in the fast water. That was the wrong thing to say. *L'Insurgente* and I have grown to hate compliments, the ones that suggest she is too pretty and delicate for any real service. Cold molded boats — especially those with 4 oz. fibre-glass on their bottoms and a steel strip along their keelsons are supposed to be "tough." So, on August 12, the rainiest day of the entire summer, I said farewell to Barbara — who had the good sense to forego her original plan to sail with me as far as Carnation in that weather — and slipped away from the DNR launch ramp above the bridge at Fall City at eight a.m. of a morning as cold and gray as mid-winter. It was great weather for remembering the Indian ghosts of the Snoqualmie tribe whose long-house once stood under heavy forest eaves along this stretch of the River of the Moon.

There was not, however, much time for such romantic reflections. The first fast flowing water was right ahead, beneath the bridge. I spun my trusty skiff to back water through stern first, McKenzie style, looking for hidden rocks. Little did I know that this was a maneuver I would repeat, probably sixty times in the forty or so miles to tidewater at Snohomish. As best as I can measure the squiggles of the Snoqualmie and Snohomish on my USGS maps, it is roughly fifty-four miles from Fall City to the open Sound at Everett. From there, I intended to sail home.

It may be a class One river for canoes, but controlling depth repeatedly runs at something less than my six inch draft. I had gone about a mile when my first real rapids was negotiated in panic, an oar half at the ready to fend off a rocky bank as the boat shot through without any real direction from me once I lost control. On the other hand, by that time I had lost the highway sounds, and a few moments later, I'm pretty sure I saw an eagle.

When the going gets tough, the tough get wetter

An hour down river, I came to a second rapids — the one my daughter had particularly cautioned me about. It was still raining — a situation which gave me the choice of watching the river through raindrops on my glasses, or taking them off and losing most of my depth perception. My supply of things with which to wipe them off had already become sodden — it was a problem I coped with in one fashion or another all day — and all night — but that comes later.

This time I deliberately beached, and stepped out in my 9' sailing boots. My jeans were rolled up inside my heavy foul weather gear. I figured on getting out occasionally and thought I had planned for it. Wrong!

Somehow, too little water to float the boat without me in it, has no trouble piling in over the top of much higher boots, or creeping up my leg to eventually saturate the jeans. Meanwhile, water pressure makes it tough to slide the boat over to a spot where it will float through. There is a good deal of dragging — and wondering what the small

smooth stones are doing to the bottom (scoring it, but not badly). Afloat, splashing into the boat with boots full of water, I barely have my oars out before it is necessary to dive over the side a second time as *L'Insurgente* grinds to a halt and begins to swing broadside — threatening to plunge off the bar and into a huge tree that is stranded on another part of the bar. But, a little farther on, I delighted in watching a mother merganser try to lure me away from her hurrying brood of half grown ducklings.

As the day wore on, I discovered some amazing things about this river which skirts our megalopolis, running just beyond the outlying suburban hills, never more than twenty-five miles from the I-5 corridor. Though it often runs through farmland, you can hardly tell that from the channel. Roads rarely track it for long. Bridges lie eleven or twelve miles apart. Only at those points are you likely to see another human; and the deer, the hawks, the ducks, swallows, catbirds and the big migrating salmon which occasionally jump nearby can all too quickly convince you that you are deep in a wilderness only marginally scratched by man. Of course the most common form of wildlife along the river is the black and white Holstein cow — but they're fun too.

Half water, half gravel

It took the best part of four hours to reach Carnation, where the Tolt adds very little water to the slowly growing main stream. I grounded out once more north of the Ames Lake Road, then, when I stopped for lunch on a bucolic bar with temporarily lightening rain, decided I could dry off my sodden feet and put on my spare socks. Wrong!

The river continues to have bars at unexpected intervals. There was one bad rapids I reached about six pm between Duvall and Monroe in a driving rain, and there were three or four more nasty shoals the following morning along the Snohomish north of Highway 522. By then, I had gotten smart and was letting my feet rot in my boots without benefit of socks — at least I thought so until I tried to get the boots off and found they had converted themselves to suction cups.

Yes, I did spend the night on the river. I made 37 miles or so in almost 13 hours — not quite the pace I had imagined, but by nine it was getting too dark to see. I had reached the junction of the Snoqualmie and the Skykomish — just south of 522, expecting to find a broader deeper river beyond there, only to discover the Sky a mere trickle, and the deceptive river you see from the bridge just before Monroe to be running fast over a broad flat bed about 6-9" deep.

I camped on a small sandbar, building a tent over the forward part of my boat with the sails, and avoiding the water accumulating in the bottom by making a bed on the thwarts out of four oars and the lifejackets. I managed to get my plastic wrapped sleeping bag and dry clothes in with me, and with some contortions, actually spent a nearly dry night despite the fact that it was the wettest I have ever spent out of doors — still bucketing down in the morning just as it had been when I went to bed.

L'Insurgente meets a pinniped celebrity

But I have skipped the high point of the trip. Just north of Carnation, I suddenly caught sight of what looked like a small whale. It was, in fact, a fur seal — probably “Monroe,” the fellow who made the headlines by ending up in a pasture off the Skykomish the following week. But if it was Monroe, he was not alone. I counted either five or six of the charming little critters — well, not so little — playing in various pools of the river along a stretch of about a mile. I assume they were steel-heading just like the unfortunate fishermen I had spotted a mile further upstream. One of them, a smaller playful yearling, followed me for about fifteen minutes, sliding over the shallows on his/her tummy and giving me a very good look so that I could report the phenomenon to the Aquarium later. At the time I didn't know the experience was all that unique.

Most of the seals didn't stay upriver. They passed me about three am on their way back to sea. I know that because the river there was shallow and they made the most terrifying slaps of their tails right nearby to shock me from my sleep. It took a while, but there was just enough light to see them heading down — the birds in a marsh across the river went crazy, and didn't settle down for an hour afterwards. By then, it was morning and time to push on down my wilderness river in the rain.

The rain had pretty well stopped by the time I reached Snohomish and civilization of sorts. I had planned to call Barb to let her know I was all right, but the bank is rock and sixty feet high. I kept rowing only to discover I was now fighting a flood tide and a northwest wind. Even this lower tidal river has some beautiful stretches and tends to be desolate. I saw only a few people in a day and a half on the river, and no boat underway until I had entered the city limits of Everett. There, I made my call, and, though behind schedule, banked on that lovely nor'wester for a fast passage home.

Naturally, it died as soon as I put up my sails off Everett. I rowed on to Mukilteo, where the wind came up again — from the south. Sailing for two hours netted me three miles, so I went back to the looms. Finally, at eight pm, a total of 28 hours underway, 26 of those and 70 miles on the oars, I decided that Edmonds was close enough to call it home. It was a great trip on a very special river. My only concern is what that silly boat is going to dream up next. — Jim Sand □

SOUTH SOUND, PHILOSOPHY, AND THE CHARMS OF SUBJECTIVE REALITY

Someday I will publish a Philosophy of Rowing. A large section will be devoted to the interaction between rowing and thought. The combination of exertion and rhythm in rowing seems to virtually create thoughts. Expansive, meditative, serene thoughts. Maybe it's improved circulation, maybe it's endorphins, maybe it's just our brains peacefully rocking in the sea inside our skulls. Whatever it is, it makes rowing the ideal physical activity for the reflective temperament. I plan to dictate much of my philosophy while rowing.

Reflecting on the differences between objective and subjective reality during one row, I developed a theory that there are two ways to get away for a vacation. One is to go someplace new and to literally get away. Another is to approach familiar territory in a new way and see it from a different perspective. It was in this sense of subjective search that Deborah and I loaded camping gear, water, and freeze-dried food in *The Lady Deb* for a four-day circumnavigation of Hartstene Island.



Chas Doud

A golden morning on Squaxin Island. Deborah loads gear as we wait for a little more tide.

Two of our camps, Squaxin and McMicken Islands, would be familiar, but the theory of the subjective getaway held that approaching them as part of a trip instead of as day rows or overnights would invest them with some new aspect. Our first stop would be a new one, Jarrell Cove. That would add considerable subjective distance, since it was already something of a Flying Dutchman or Moby Dick destination for us.

We'd tried to get there twice before. The first time, we got a late start on the hottest day of the summer. A basic characteristic of small open boats is their total lack of shade. Combine that with the effort of rowing and a strong adverse current (I've never found any other kind) and nobody's gonna get to Jarrell Cove. Our second try was in early October. There was a brisk headwind that grew brisker with every stroke. By the time every fourth whitecap started crowding aboard, we decided to heave to, have lunch, and wait for things to abate a bit. They abated not a jot. It took us only twenty minutes to row back over a course that had taken us two hours to row outbound.

This time, things looked much more promising. The sun, though bright, lacked the polished brass intensity that had scorched us like two peas on a griddle. The wind was from dead ahead (I've never found it to blow from any other quarter) but it had nothing of briskness in it. After about an hour, I slipped into the thoughtful, musing habit of mind I've been talking about.

Paddling a kayak or a canoe might combine exertion and rhythm in the proper proportions for rowerthought, but both have the disadvantage of facing uncompromisingly straight ahead. Looking ahead, there's always the nasty tendency to strive. Ahead is the goal, the destination. It is the nature of destinations to cry out for arrival. They call one forward, making the getting there more important than the going there. By contrast, everything a rower sees has already happened. Instead of being reduced to a frame surrounding an objective, the rowing vista is a totality, with each part equally important. It can all be regarded with equanimity. It is past and can trouble you no more. Rowing is for historians.

Jarrell Cove and Tin Canoes

Jarrell Cove proved to be an excellent first-night destination. It trails off into five or six narrow dead-end inlets which grow, shrink, and change

shape with the tide. There's shade on a hot day, shelter on a windy one. More to the point, exploring little leads like these is what gives small-boat cruising its own unique interest and charm.

Our campsite looked out at the sunset and down at the float *The Lady Deb* shared with a group of teenage Wildlife Federation field-trippers in aluminum canoes. I know tin canoes are cheap.

I know they're light, interchangeable, and well-nigh indestructible. But being paddled across a mirror-smooth, sunset-gilded inlet in the twilight's placid calm, they have the charm of a garbage truck in the compact and pack cycle. It must be sheer agony to a teenage paddler. Imagine being stuck in the hell of huge feet, cursed with not enough beard to shave and too much not to, aflame with acne, and trying to look for once as if you're good at something. Yet no matter how minor your mistakes, each one is amplified by the magnificent resonance of the metal hull into a ringing announcement that once more, you've done something hopelessly inept. As for stealing up on wildlife, you might as well try creeping quietly over a loose stack of iron skilletts. I don't think there's ever been a quietly paddled aluminum canoe. By the time paddlers can manage a canoe well enough to avoid banging the gunwale, they're too knowledgeable to get in a tin one. All these paddlers had braces on their teeth. I don't know if that is another aspect of tin canoes or not.

The next day brought the longest pull of the trip, down Pickering and Peale Passages. The chart showed a one and a half knot tide that should have helped, but as with any favorable tides charts show, it never materialized. I'm always amazed that something that has been demonstrated so often still has the power to disappoint me. There was a moment of excitement just before we reached the Hartstene Island bridge. Another boat was approaching under oars. In seven years of rowing, we've only met another rowboat four times and twice it was Bryce Woods. This time it was two nine year old boys out fishing in a converted El Toro. It looked like the fish were safe.

At the head of Squaxin Island, we finally found a tide on the water that corresponded with a tide on the chart: strong, predictable, right where it should be, and of course going the wrong way. Someone is logging the island just north of the park. Unsettling.

I got out the 200 foot mooring line, purchased specially for offshore mooring. One good working definition of a sailor is someone who can't abide the way someone else coiled down a line. Fresh from the chandlery, my new anchor rope looked like the motor of a rubber band airplane ready for launch. Two hundred feet of line is just too much to keep in order. I don't believe even the Divine Fisherman could keep 200 feet of line clear. By the time we got the whole shebang stretched out on the beach and the kinks taken out we decided to haul the boat up with the tide and leave it where the morning high would float it off.

From our campsite, about ten miles from Olympia and fourteen from Tacoma, there wasn't a single light on the opposite shore. The Milky Way stretched from horizon to horizon and we spent a goodly time observing it.

South Sound's Relentless Predators

That was the night the mosquitoes found me. I'm someone the mosquito nation regards as a major crop. Deborah is never bitten. She thinks this is really funny and makes jokes about it. I think it's funny too, but not quite as funny as she thinks it is. Even with years of experience as a food source I was impressed by the artistry of Squaxin Island's mosquitoes. One had such an elegant sense of proportion that she was able to nip me on the back of the wrist on just the point my watch stem touches at the end of each stroke. Imagine. That's more than 3,000 little taps on that mosquito bite in a ten-mile row. It isn't exactly the Death of a Thousand Cuts, but it does its best. Another *musca* artiste managed to put the bite on me in one of the creases of my right thumb knuckle where it flexes at the beginning of each stroke. Compared to the teamwork of those two, the Iron Maiden who stabbed through a knee-high Dunlop deck boot and two pairs of bootsocks to tag me just above the anklebone was nothing more than a vicious mugger.

By the time we rowed into Boston Harbor for water, Deborah and I decided that two factors were responsible for the effectiveness of our subjective getaway. First, even though the area we were cruising was poked with development, one or the other side of our course was still wooded and wild. By ignoring the side with the houses we could feel as remote as if we were rowing in Southeast Alaska. It's much easier than ignoring the telephone. To those who complain that South Sound is half ruined by suburbs, we reply that it's half forested.

There's also no comparison between the packing, driving, launching, and recovery bustle of a day trip and just climbing into the boat each morning and starting to row. Let's face it, rowing a heavily-loaded boat 10 to 15 miles in a day can be quite relaxing if it's all you're going to do.

Boston Harbor was filled with fishermen, all cheerily shouting "stroke, stroke, stroke" at us. Watching them we wondered why all small powerboats have their wheel on the right-hand side. The requirements of driving on the right that moved auto drivers to the left-hand seat seem to have been completely ignored by naval architects. And why don't people in boats of less than 30 feet ever bring their fenders aboard? Even more baffling is why they never sit down in the driver's seat. No matter what sort of simian stoop they must assume, no matter how much they must kink their neck, they stand. It doesn't matter if they're going three knots or thirty, there they are, looking as if they're trying to bite their windshield on the jugular vein. Probably they can't see from the right side of the boat.

Coming around from the southeast end of Hartstene we rowed by an aquaculture experiment. Every half-mile or so a group of young divers in a rag-tag collection of grimy workboats were setting out what looked like grey plastic egg

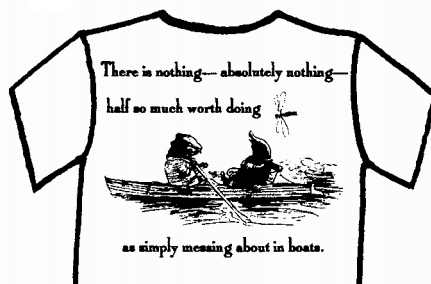
crates, trying to increase oyster yields. The Fisheries prof in charge was cruising from ship to ship of his ragamuffin navy in a beautiful Coolidge-design Lake Union Dreamboat, typifying the usual relationship of management and labor.

Lord Nelson Never Had These Problems

At McMicken, 11.4 acres of island, we were the only campers. The beach is rough, barnacle-covered cobble dotted with rocks the size of office desks. It was our first chance to use the legendary CWB Clothesline Reel Mooring, described in these pages by Dave Cox several years ago. Lots of people have talked about this technique and everybody seems to agree that it's a good idea, but the concatenation of circumstances that make it both possible and necessary for a rowboat are few and far between. I rowed out and hunted for a large area free of big rocks that would make a good surface to ground out on. I rigged and dropped the anchor. Returning to shore, we took down the expedition's flag and hoisted an anchor light on our jackstaff. Finally we hauled the boat out onto its station. There were three other boats anchored near the island that night and only ours had an anchor light. It took until next morning to see the rock hidden directly under the stern that would give our boat the posture of a prayerful Muslim when the tide ran out. Oh well.

Rowing for home the next morning, we were surprised when the rocks on the north beach suddenly erupted into a frenzy of spasmodic activity. It was a herd of 25 harbor seals. One minute there was only an inert, anonymous collection of lumps and the next minute the whole beach was a frenzy of clumsy, ungainly motion all heading for the safety of the water. Then just as suddenly we were surrounded by a silent flotilla of smoothly-gliding heads that look engagingly like dogs. I might mention that Sound Sound is chockablock with harbor seals. We have had them come up under us and bump our keel, just to attract attention. The same rhythm that produces rowerthought seems to be a powerful seal attractant.

Arriving at our Vaughn Bay launch point, Deborah defined the whole secret of a successful subjective getaway: "You have to be away long enough that you feel like you've been away longer and not so long that you thought it would never end." — Charles Dowd □



Simply Messing About In Boats
Nautical Apparel & Accessories

from
The Wind in the Willows
The Design Works
toll free 877-637-7464
www.messingabout.com

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

2013 Our 22nd Season

Would you like to
read more, lots more,
about sea kayaking?

**SUBSCRIBE
NOW!**

*Atlantic Coastal
Kayaker* will bring
36 pages 8 times a year
all about sea kayaking.

**All this
for only \$24
(8 issues)**

Like to see the next
issue? Just ask.

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check for \$24 payable to:

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker
P.O. Box 520,
Ipswich, MA 01938
(978) 356-6112
(Phone & Fax)
ackayak@comcast.net

For 32 years I was a Trustee, Deputy Mayor and Mayor of a little bayside community on the eastern end of the Great South Bay, Long Island, New York, the Incorporated Village of Bellport. All through those years, no matter what my official capacity was, I was the Village Official in charge of the waterfront.

This consisted of a huge drive-on dock that parked 200+ cars and had the Bellport Bay Yacht Club Building at its end (by the way, the Bellport Bay Yacht Club was organized and incorporated in 1906!). The marina has approximately 200 boat slips, a launching ramp and a dock for Bellport's Village-owned ferry, the *Whale House Point*, which provides daily service between May and September to the Village-owned beach on Fire Island.

I have described the waterfront so the reader can have a somewhat clear picture of the area. Being the official in charge I was always called when some event occurred down at the "D" as the area was affectionately known. Sit back and enjoy some of my most memorable scenes, they are pretty humorous but, I assure you, real. They happened over a 30-year period.

We had a old timer who lived in the Village many years, he was a retired nuclear physicist from the Brookhaven National Laboratory. He was known as Poppa Al. Poppa Al became quite eccentric in his aging process. One afternoon another trustee and dear friend, Bob, and I were down at the dock, leaning against the hood of my car discussing the ways of the world.

Mind you, the dock actually is on an open bay, it runs north and south with the marina and boat slips consisting of two piers facing east and west. The day was really a blustery day, wind out of the east blowing at least 20-25 knots, if I remember correctly. It was the later part of September, whitecaps covered the bay.

Bob and I spotted a small sailboat running downwind heading for the north side channel of the marina. The boat was almost up on a plane, she was coming hot. Bob and I both commented, "what the hell is this going to do?" Well, the boat entered the marina area full speed ahead with no room to head up or do any evasive action. We noticed it was Poppa Al, as calm as one could get and coming on fast. We were a little alarmed that he would crash and hurt himself. Poppa Al was heading right for the boat launching ramp as cool as a cucumber.

Bob and I watched in awe. Poppa Al just sailed the boat right up the boat ramp onto the dock's blacktop surface and abruptly came to a halt. With his pipe in mouth he climbed out, took down the sails, pushed the boat back down the ramp into the water and paddled his way back to his slip.

To say Bob and I were stunned is a extreme understatement. We both started laughing hysterically. Oh, by the way, Poppa Al had one of his German Shepherds on board, the dog seemed to be enjoying the whole episode.

One Labor Day night, or I should say early Tuesday morning after Labor Day, I get a call from the night dock guard (we had 24 hour a day dock guards) about 2:30am. Larry the dock guard said to me, "John you better come down here right away." I said, "Larry what is it, its 2:30 in the morning." "No, you have to see this."

OK, I get up, put on a pair of shorts and a tee shirt and head down to the dock. I

Humorous Waterfront Tales

By John Orlando

just reach the top of the hill leading down to the dock and see all the emergency vehicle lights. Oh God, a disaster. I get down there and I see a boat in the middle of the road facing west. I pull up and it seemed a little odd that everyone is talking and laughing.

Hmmm, then the story unwinds for me, Two young couples were coming back from Ocean Beach, a community on the western end of Fire Island after a day of hearty partying. They thought they were heading across the hay to Bayshore, Long Island. I guess they lost their bearings and were heading east, that is until they ran into land out in Mastic Beach, so as any good mariner would do, they headed back in the other direction.

Now I have to tell you we had an exceptionally high tide this night and they were heading in the opposite direction, full speed ahead, noticing the navigation lights on Bellport's dock. They came right down the center of the marina full bore, hit the dock, the boat jumped up on the dock and slid to a stop in the middle of the parking lot. Thank the lord no one was hurt, but they had a little problem, they were all naked and could not find their clothes. Needless to say their nakedness did not seem to bother them no matter and our emergency responders were having a real good time.

It is a Bellporter's custom to Hoop the "D" on a regular basis. I myself, year round whenever I return to town, Hoop the "D". Well, we had a lifelong resident named Tim. He would occasionally spend a couple of hours at night down at the Village-owned Golf Course and Country Club Bar and partake in a little libation. One night Tim decided it was time to go home and proceeded to drive around the dock, but for some reason never negotiated the circle in the road at the end of the dock and drove right off the dock into the bay. There was only about 4' -5' of water at the end so he climbed out of his car and waded to shore on the west side of the dock and walked home.

About an hour later a passerby noticed the roof of the car above the water and called the Suffolk County Police. Oh my, we had divers, the Fire Department Rescue, ambulances, etc. Being a small community, everyone recognized the car as being Tim's. But again no Tim, the search was on. At one point, about three hours later, someone went to Tim's house on a hunch, walked in to look around and lo and behold found Tim sound asleep in his bed.

We have in our lovely village a number of extremely flamboyant individuals. One particular well-known person (we shall name him "Mr Lee") was down at the dock one day. By the way, as you have now realized, our dock is the social and maritime focal point of our community. Well, "Mr Lee" was sitting in his almost brand new Mercedes Benz 300D having, I guess, a lively conversation with one of our community's fashionable ladies.

Now picture this, the car parked in a space on the eastside of the dock, sun roof wide open. "Mr Lee" did not realize the car was still in forward gear and turned to face the young lady and his shoe jammed between

the gas pedal and the brake, causing the car to leap forward off the dock into the drink. Fortunately the trailer hitch got hung up on the edge of the bulkhead and did prevent the car from going in completely. "Mr Lee" and guest had to climb out through the sun roof. It was one of the most hilarious and memorable afternoons in Bellport's history.

I remember walking by the pay phone and hearing "Mr Lee" asking his spouse to come down to the dock and pick him up. She must have asked what happened to the car, his reply was, "I drove into the bay." The community ribbed "Mr Lee" into a real frenzy. One outstanding pillar of the community said, "Hey, 'Mr Lee,' just take the car over to Lake Ronkonkoma and dip it in a few times to rinse the salt water off. We had tee shirts made with the Mercedes Benz emblem printed on them and the saying "I Survived the Summer of 1983 with 'Mr. Lee.'"

This is a beauty of a tale but it is terrible shame. One of our residents had a really beautiful, wonderfully maintained original Beetle Cat. She was a real eye catcher. Well, Ed decided to haul the boat out for a predicted nor'easter that was heading our way. Back in those years the dock had many overhead wires. Unfortunately for Ed, he put the Beetle Cat on her trailer, decided that he would not take the mast out and quickly roared out of the marina. Going through the entrance way he caught the mast on the overhead wires.

I, as a witness, almost cried, he tore the mast out, ripped up the sail, splintered the boom and gaff, ripped out the mast step, demolished the deck and also splintered the deck frames. Needless to say Ed was stunned, as was everyone else on the dock, he even split the bottom open. This story certainly is not funny but it had to be told of a careless demolition of a classic boat. This accident was one of many reasons why the Village later buried all overhead wires.

Bellport is the home of the "The Scooter." A number of issues back I contributed an article explaining all about scooters. Scootering is a extremely exciting sport but it could be very dangerous. Through the years I really do not remember anyone getting severely hurt, just once in a collision one fellow broke his hip, but in general the sailors know the dangers and are mostly very cautious.

When the bay does ice over and the scooters come out of hibernation, it is a community event. On the weekends the dock is packed with sailors, scooters and spectators. One our local gents, for the first time in his life, bought a brand new Jeep Wagoneer. He was a proud owner of a spanking new car. He just came back from a Saturday morning errand run and stopped by the Bellport Deli for soup, sandwich, newspaper and a beer.

Malcolm drove down to the dock, parked in a corner space and was enjoying the sight of the scooters zipping around and enjoying the great taste of that sandwich when a scooter, sailing close to the dock, lost control, flew up on the tidal pressure ridge and smashed into Malcolm's new car, putting the horn right through the passenger door and interior lining. If I could put into words the look on Mal's face I would get the writer of the year award. With Mal's proud bubble busted he just sat there in total silence. He recovered and went home to get his gear and went sailing.

My last story is about Poppa Al. This is a real corker It was just after the New Year and again Bob and I were sitting in his pickup

truck having a cup of coffee. I look up the road and here comes Poppa Al with his four German Shepherds. He had a maybe 20' piece of manila rope as a leash, pipe in his mouth and he was being tugged along by the dogs.

I said to Bob, and this was just from past experiences, when Poppa Al comes on the scene anything is possible. I turned to Bob and said, "I think this is going to be interesting. For some unknown reason those dogs were hell bent for the end of the dock. I did notice there were a number of seagulls in the water just off the end of the dock. With smoke coming out of Poppa Al's pipe and the dogs in a half gallop, they ran right off the end into the bay to chase the seagulls and, you guessed it, Poppa Al was right behind them in flight.

Bob and I just looked at each other and laughed. Bob, at the time, was still in the fuel oil business and radioed his office to call Fire Rescue. Poppa Al was not hurt, I do not even think his ego was shattered. Unfortunately, Poppa Al was admitted to the VA Hospital for observation and was eventually placed in the VA Nursing Home, from where he did escape a number of times. Poppa Al is not with us any more, but I do know for a fact that wherever he is, he has everyone laughing.

Wing Systems Touring Shell The 1 Boat Fleet



A breakthrough in performance, versatility, safety, and value. Wing's Touring shell converts in minutes from single or double rowing shell into a single or double touring kayak. Easy enough for a child to handle, fast on smooth water, safe in open water. Cartop it anywhere. Touring Shell with one Plantedosi RoWing - \$2,035, Touring shell as single kayak - \$1,675. Order directly for free shipping. Or call for more information and dealers.

Wing Systems
P.O. Box 568, Dept. 2A3
Oyster Bay, NY 11711
For Orders: (516) 922-2655 Collect

TRADITIONAL MARINE STOVES

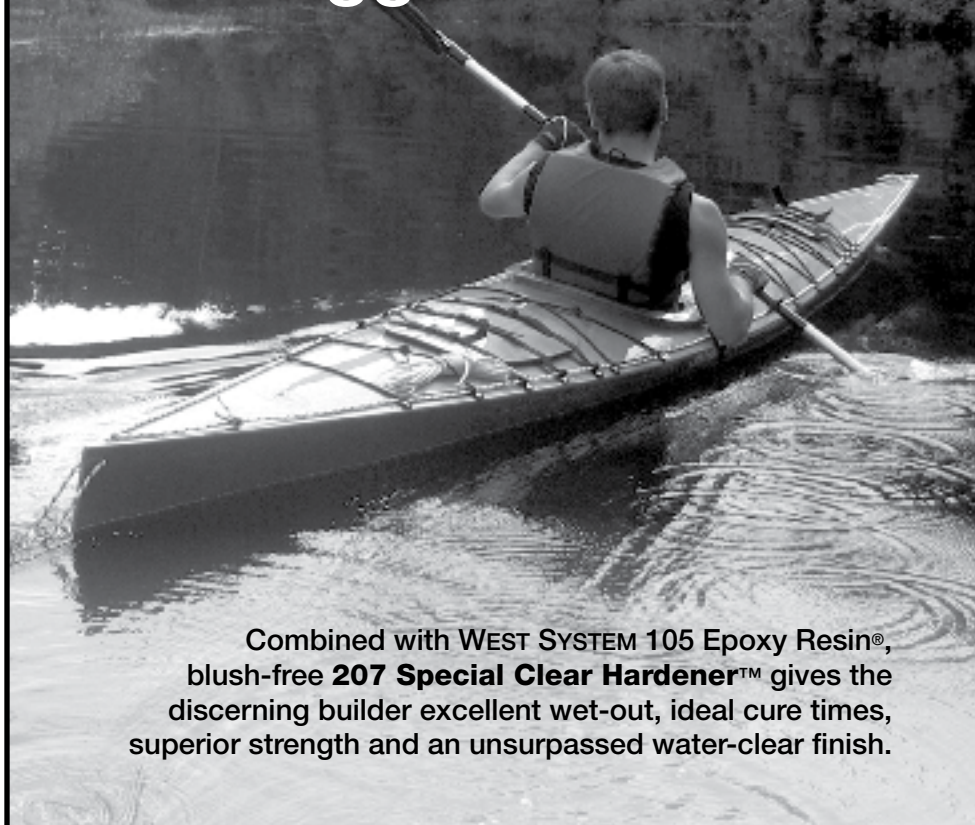


CAST IRON
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
WOOD BURNING
HEATING & COOKING
COMPACT

NAVIGATOR STOVES

409 Double Hill Rd.
East Sound, WA 98245
(360) 376-5161

Rugged. Beautiful.



Combined with WEST SYSTEM 105 Epoxy Resin®, blush-free **207 Special Clear Hardener™** gives the discerning builder excellent wet-out, ideal cure times, superior strength and an unsurpassed water-clear finish.



WEST SYSTEM®

866-937-8797
www.westsystem.com

In the culmination of an inaugural campaign to recognize individuals who make significant contributions to their local sailing community, Old Pulteney Single Malt Scotch Whisky and US Sailing announce the winner of the 2012 Old Pulteney Maritime Heroes Award. Donald Backe of Annapolis, Maryland, one of six "unsung hero" finalists considered for the top honor, received the most votes in an online public vote. Backe was honored at an award ceremony in January during US Sailing's 2013 National Sailing Programs Symposium in Clearwater, Florida.

Backe was nominated by a member of his sailing community for creating the Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating (C.R.A.B.) organization whose mission is to inspire and teach the disabled to sail. Backe founded C.R.A.B. in 1991 so that sailing could be experienced by physically and mentally challenged individuals, as well as those who weren't able to participate in the sport for financial reasons. Because of Backe's tenacity and will, C.R.A.B. has evolved into a four-sailboat fleet, home ported at Sandy Point State Park outside Annapolis.

"When I founded C.R.A.B. I certainly didn't intend to win an award," said Backe. "Since that time the organization has changed many lives. It feels great to be recognized for making a difference and it just makes me want to do more."

"The work that Donald Backe has done with C.R.A.B. captures everything we wanted to highlight in this search," said Pat Graney, President of International Beverage USA. "Backe's work is generous, inspirational and obviously bringing his love of sail-

Don Backe of C.R.A.B. Winner Of 2012 Maritime Heroes Award



ing to those who otherwise wouldn't experience it. We and our partners at US Sailing are honored to present him with this award."

To learn more visit <http://www.maritimeheroes.com/>

If you wish to write a note of congratulation, please send it to Don Backe, c/o C.R.A.B., 612 Third St, Suite 3b, Annapolis, MD 21403.

C.R.A.B. Appoints New Executive Director


C.R.A.B. wishes to announce the appointment of Heather East as new Executive Director. C.R.A.B.'s founder and principal visionary, Don Backe, is moving from day to day operations to becoming Director of Strategic Planning to focus on ways in which C.R.A.B.'s future programs will support the needs and interests of persons with disabilities.

Heather is committed to keeping C.R.A.B. on course with the mission set out by Don when he started C.R.A.B. She is an avid sailor and kayaker, including sailing the waters of Chesapeake Bay and the coasts of Massachusetts and Maine.

C.R.A.B.'s future plans include expansion of services, including sailboat racing and training for the challenged. With her years of experience in managing a large nonprofit organization, Heather is uniquely qualified to lead C.R.A.B.'s growth in services and financial resources.

Heather comes to CRAB after serving as Deputy Director for the Arc of Maryland, the largest statewide advocacy organization working to create a world where children and adults with developmental and intellectual disabilities have and enjoy equal rights and opportunities.

During the sailing seasons, over a thousand persons with disabilities and their families, teachers and caregivers enjoy fun and safe sailing experiences on C.R.A.B.'s Freedom 20 sailboats, especially designed for sailors with disabilities, at C.R.A.B.'s dock at Sandy Point State Park.



Come aboard!

The Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc. (TSCA) works to preserve traditions, skills and lore of small work or pleasure boats developed in the days before internal combustion engines.

Join a growing crew of small boat enthusiasts who paddle, row, pole, or sail some of the finest watercraft ever created.

Contact your nearest TSCA chapter (nearly 30 are listed on our website). Find out how to connect with like-minded souls, or form your own group, and enjoy the thrill of "simply messing about" in boats.

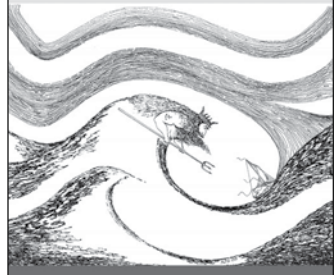
Enjoy our quarterly, *The Ash Breeze*, and stay abreast of boatyard, backyard, and on-the-water activities.

Membership starts at \$20.
Sign on, today.

The Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc.
 P.O. Box 350,
 Mystic, CT
 06355
www.tscanet



Moon Wind at Large



SAILING HITHER AND YON
Written and illustrated by
 Constant Waterman
 (aka Matthew Goldman)

THE NEW BOOK FROM
CONSTANT WATERMAN

Matthew Goldman and his sloop *Moon Wind* constantly roam the waters of southeast New England, where these stories are centered. Each tale is short and sweet and imbued with a wry smile, an unquenchable love of boats, and joy for life. Not to mention the never-ending search for mermaids. . . .

296 pages, pb, \$14.95

ALSO, DON'T MISS:

- The Journals of Constant Waterman, \$14
- Boatbuilding for Beginners, by Jim Michalak, \$24.95
- Cheap Outboards, by Max Wawrzyniak, \$24.95
- Small Boats on Green Waters, by Brian Anderson, \$15
- Flotsam and Jetsam, by Robb White, \$19.95
- Lapstrake Canoes, by David Nichols, \$21.95
- Building the Sea Eagles, by David Nichols, \$24.95
- The Working Guide to Traditional Small-Boat Sails, \$21.95
- Hell's Half Mile, by Michael Engelhard, \$15

AVAILABLE IN BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE.
 TO ORDER DIRECTLY, MAIL A CHECK TO
BREAKAWAY BOOKS; P.O. BOX 24; HALCOTTSVILLE, NY 12438
 FREE SHIPPING IF YOU SAY YOU READ *MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS!*

The most amazing explosion of knowledge and information that totally changed so many aspects of human life happened in the Age of Discovery, roughly from 1450 to 1550. Clothing, food, religion, education, politics, economics, science, geography, opportunities in life took a drastic and full alteration in an incredibly short amount of time. No period in history has had a more significant impact on so much of life as this century. Virtually everyone who was born in this period and lived to an old age saw changes that were beyond imagination. Interestingly, these discoveries were all so amazingly intermixed that one cannot separate a single discovery from the whole. In fact, the total was far greater than the sum of its parts.

In 1450 Christianity meant Catholicism, the concept of maps did not exist, the center of the economic world was Italy, food was bland and simple, the Pope was one of several "monarchs" who ruled territories and demanded taxes and fought wars for additional power and land, clothing was wool and rough, trade with the East was overland and extraordinarily expensive, beyond the reach of most except royal families, only a limited number of scientists and clergy could read, the Bible was in Latin, boats were small and rarely left sight of land, Muslims hated the Christians and visa versa, no European had ventured very far south of Gibraltar, and very few believed in a mysterious island seen by no person west of China, Japan. Within a mere hundred years all of this changed dramatically.

Luther nailed his 95 theses on the door in Germany which would have led to nothing more than an excommunication and little attention outside of a few towns had it not been for economic squabbles among France, Germanic principalities, the Holy Roman Empire and the Pope. Venice was an independent kingdom and the center of all trade with the Eastern caravans hauling silk and salt, both literally worth their weight in gold. Gutenberg invented the printing press, allowing Europeans to obtain information in print. Spain and Portugal disliked paying off the Pope and searched for financial avenues to grow their economy. Shakespeare and Michelangelo flourished in burgeoning England and dominating Italy while Copernicus led the battle between religion and science.

To discuss all the aspects of discovery would take hundreds and hundreds of pages, if not volumes that are far beyond the scope of our interests herein. Over the next few issues of *Messing About in Boats*, I will explore the changes in mapping, boat building, exploration, navigation and geography. The launch point must be with boats and sails.

From prehistory to the Age of Discovery boats were built from reeds, wood and hides and they could go no faster than they could be rowed. Ancient Egyptian galleys were the fastest and easiest to alter course than other vessels. That concept did not change for at least 2,000 years. Small fishing craft were easily rowed out on lakes, rivers and seas but never far from land or beyond the crew's capacity to quickly row back to shore.

The use of sail power was older than recorded time. Vikings and Egyptians had sailing ships and the Phoenicians were a primary seafaring nation long before Europe developed. The similarity of these ships was in the simplicity of design, type of sail and steerage. Most importantly they all were square sailed rigs. Large cloth sails offered an opportunity of moderate speed but took longer time mov-

Age of Discovery (Part 1)

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

ing than mere oar power that was faster but only could maintain speed by the limits of the men rowing. Since few boats went out very far, this was adequate propulsion.

The Vikings, among others, were able to successfully maneuver the sails slightly to provide some semblance of direction aided by a steering oar or board usually on the right side of the boat. The "steer board" eventually evolved into the common nautical word "starboard." Nevertheless, the boat was susceptible to changing winds and currents requiring reversal back to the oars. These boats were more than adequate as long as the wind was from the rear. Flights over the northern regions of the globe quickly indicate that the space between Scandinavia and Newfoundland is covered with small islands ranging in size from Greenland to a few acres. It is easy to observe that early sailing from Iceland to east of Canada was not as challenging as imagined. Most of the time the Vikings were either in sight of land or knew their directions back to safety. No questions they or the Irish were the first to see the New Continent (obviously the Native Americans were already here and had been for thousands of years. See John Bryde's *Modern Indian Psychology* for a greater understanding of tribal migrations).

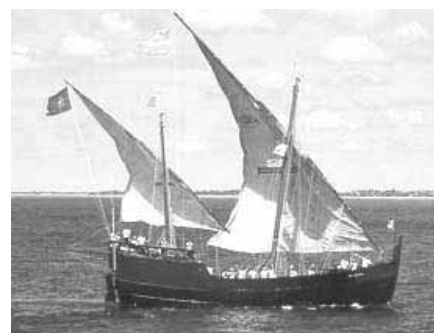
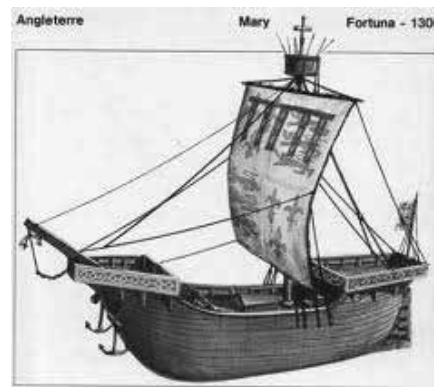
Since the days of Marco Polo, the East was a paradise of epic opportunities providing markets, unique foods and spices and knowledge unknown in Europe. Little Asian or Muslim knowledge had spread to the West. Muslim mathematics, Chinese spices, understanding of navigation by stars were not common in Italy and even less so in France and Spain.

Worse, the ethnocentric Europeans were slow in accepting ideas from other cultures. Xebecs and other fore and aft rigged boats were known but the West, especially the Merchant Class, was reluctant to see the advantage of such rigging and the ability to sail closer to the wind; besides, shipping by sea was a small operation hardly ever venturing beyond sight of land. Land routes transported most goods.

By 1475, people started to look at different opportunities to develop wealth. Discoveries, under the guidance of Prince Henry the Navigator, presented a possibility of reaching the East by sea with greater speed than by land. The old bromide "time is money" certainly came to mind. Seafarers started to use spritsails along with the huge square cloths customarily used. The earliest of these ships was the cog noted for its huge forecastles and stern castles. The original cogs were seen by the military as somewhat movable fortresses rather than ships, and so they were constructed like floating forts.

In turn, shipwrights developed the caravel that was smaller, lighter, but still carried square sails. While the caravel was smaller it presented some changes in ship building. The lapstrake hulls of older ships were an impediment to speed. By smoothing off the hull ships were easier to build and faster to sail; furthermore, they had no high forecastle and a smaller stern castle. By using a lateen rig on both masts these ships

were quite maneuverable. With a following wind, the lateen sails were exchanged quickly with the old fashioned squares.



Prince Henry the Navigator, the Portuguese monarch with a passion for sailing, sent lug rigged caravels down the Iberian Peninsula toward an African coast that had never been explored. North African Moors had a bustling trade with Europeans who had no particular interest in geography. Henry's ships not only reached Tangiers in Morocco but went on to discover the continental hump; but more importantly, they found the Cape Verde Islands and the Canary Islands that played a huge role in the development of the Americas.

By 1450, keen and knowledgeable ships' captains understood that the current that flowed west to east in the North Atlantic swerved southward along the western border of Europe. A few sailors, such as Christopher Columbus, recognized that one only needed to follow the current south until reaching the Cape Verde Islands at which point the current seemed to turn back to the west.

None of this would have been possible with square rigged courses on stout, heavy cogs. The small caravels would become the ships of choice for early exploration. Both the *Nina* and *Pinta* were caravels while Columbus himself skippered a carrack, the *Santa Maria*, as the mother ship for his initial explorations.

The key to the Age of Discovery was the sail. When Henry used an alternative rigged vessel he uncovered the essence of maneuverability that rivaled the invention of the rudder. The borrowing of this knowledge from the Arab world enabled Europe to find a sea route to the East, eventually discovering the subcontinent of India and a whole new land of the Americas. Lug rigged or spritsail boats led to discoveries of unbelievable scale.

A single 20' standard container, on average, can hold about 48,000 bananas. In theory then, the giant container ship *Emma Maersk* (see news below) is capable of holding nearly 528 million bananas in a single voyage, enough to give every person in Europe or North America a banana for breakfast.

In 2012, 263 rescues in the United States were triggered by receipt of aviation and marine distress signals by the Search and Rescue Satellite Aided Tracking System (SARSAT), with 183 people being rescued from the water.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank: Let's start off with a bit of a mystery item. The world's most reputable maritime news service printed a news report from the Australian Rescue Centre stating that the apparently unmanned tug, the *PB Margaret*, sank at lat 21°30'06"S long, 115°21'48"E (that's somewhere south of the Mangrove Islands in Western Australia). No explanation was given why the 3,000hp tug (ex *Heung Kong*) was unmanned and the tug still appears in its owner's fleet list online. (The list may not be current, many aren't.) But then a colleague in Ozzieland sent me the answer, a copy of a governmental warning about the sunken vessel, the tug was on a cyclone mooring and so was unmanned!

Now to the northern hemisphere. At Kodiak, Alaska, the Fisheries and Wildlife Service's research vessel *Arluk*, a 63', 76 ton Bertram, quietly filled and rolled on its side at St. Herman's Harbor.

Ships collided and allided: Multiple objects at Bremerhaven took a beating. The car carrier *Euphrates Highway* allided with the quay of the foreport of the Northern lock after the towing line to an assisting tug snapped. Both quay and hull were damaged. The container ship *Flottbeck* hit the Strom quay while docking. The quay was damaged and the hull of the vessel was breached, but not fatally so.

The tanker *Nordic Ruth* was leaving Bremerhaven's Bredo shipyard when it brushed against a motor yacht. Its hull was damaged while the tanker suffered scratches. The tug *RT Stephanie* was getting set to pull the vehicle carrier *Atlas Highway* from a pier when it struck the stern of the American flagged pure truck carrier *Endurance* and then rebounded into the *Atlas Highway*. All wheelhouse windows on the tug were smashed but both vessels managed to depart Bremerhaven more or less on schedule.

In the Bosphorus Strait near the Turkish city of Istanbul, five people were injured in a collision between the tanker *Amur 2521* and the high speed Turkish ferry *Yenikapi-1*.

Ships went aground: While heading for the Panama Canal, the container ship *MSC Fabienne* ran aground near the port of Cristobol. Canal tugs soon got it free.

In Wales, high winds pushed the ro-ro *Ciudad de Cadiz* thoroughly aground at Mostyn in late January and four tugs were unable to free it. That happened due to the high spring tides in the middle of the next month and Airbus A-380 super jumbo jets in production at Toulouse in southern France may have waited for British built A380 wings, since that is what the ship carries.

Fires and explosions, of course: In suburban Shanghai on Zhangjing Creek in Jinshan District, an unknown gas triggered an explosion in the cabin of a fertilizer carrying barge as the operator was about to start



Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

the engine. His wife was killed and he and a son were injured. There were public concerns about pollution in the creek so households in the district received a 50% discount on their water bills for the next month.

The smallish tanker *MCT Breithorn* had an engine room fire at the Bijela shipyard in Montenegro. The shipyard's firefighters aided ship's personnel in extinguishing the fire in an hour.

People died: An Australian report reported that in November, 2011, a wave knocked a seaman off MSC Siena's accommodation ladder while he was rigging a combination pilot ladder in preparation to embark a harbour pilot near Rottnest Island off the port of Fremantle. He was wearing a safety harness and harness rope. While he was working on the bottom platform an unexpectedly high wave struck, leaving him hanging below the platform. The rolling of the ship banged him against the hull several times and then he fell out of his harness.

In the UK, the small tug *Endurance* was towing a 60' motorboat in gale force winds and violent seas when one of the two crew members on the tug fell overboard five miles south of Sovereign Harbour on the East Sussex coast. An extensive search failed to find him.

Five crewmen fell 65' and died when cables broke during a lifeboat drill on the cruise ship *Thompson Majesty* at La Palma.

But people were rescued: In Danish waters, three crewmen were helicoptered off the freighter *Atalanta* while it was anchored in the Bay of Aarhus. They had been working in a hold that had recently been cleaned with gases.

On the container ship *Jonni Ritscher* at Hamburg, 14 workers became ill, possibly by fumes from bunker fuel, and they were hospitalized after on-scene treatment by an emergency physician for nausea and eye and respiratory irritation.

Other nautically unpleasant things happened: At Durban in South Africa, although the container ship *MSC Luciana* was moored by 22 lines and had a powerful tug pushing on it, that was not enough when sudden wind gusts arrived. First, bowlines started snapping and then stern lines broke and the vessel was blown against the finger jetty at the opposite quay. The vessel whammed into the chemical/oil tanker *Marlin* (scheduled to be scrapped anyhow) and then the wind slewed the *MSC Luciana's* bow so that it totaled the superstructure of the pilot boat *Orient* and pushed the tug up onto the east quay. Nearby, a crewman on another container ship had his leg broken by a snapping mooring line. (Last September, the *MSC Luciana* lost power while outbound from Antwerp and ran onto a sandbank).

The tug *Christos 22* was towing the ex-German Navy training ship *Emsstrom* off the UK's southern coast when the tug slowed and headed towards the coast to check out things.

The towed ship smashed into the slowing tug, holing both vessels. Valiant fights by RNLI lifeboats, local tugs and Royal Navy ships *HMS Severn* and *HMS Lancaster* saved the tug but the *Emsstrom* sank and so the vessel failed to meet a scrapper in Turkey.

A leak at one of the aft thrusters and the consequent flooding of the engine room of the *Emma Maersk*, one of the world's nine largest container ships, threatened to block the Suez Canal. The vessel was towed to the Suez Canal Container Port where its cargo of 13,537 containers (including about 1,000 reefer containers) could be discharged and loaded onto other vessels. But it was not possible to unload all the containers since, without engine power, it was not possible to trim the vessel's ballast tanks to keep it stable during the discharge work.

It took only an hour for the *Emma Maersk's* engine room to be flooded a bout 60' (18m) deep, deep enough to cover the massive main engine. Unclear was the extent of damage to this huge 14-cylinder engine (109,000hp) and whether it and the auxiliary engines, which together provided about 40,000hp, will be repairable. The first priority was to preserve the engine room equipment, which ironically meant keeping it submerged for the time being since any contact with oxygen would result in corrosion. The plan was to have the hole plugged by underwater welders, unload the remaining containers, pump out the water and, as equipment was exposed, wash it with fresh water, dismantle it and decide what could be repaired and reused and what must be replaced. As a precaution, Maersk instructed the seven other vessels in the E-class fleet not to use their stern thrusters.

The *Emma Maersk* has faced adversity before. The first of the eight-vessel E-class, it was nearly ready to be launched when a disastrous fire gutted the accommodations and bridge structure. Unfazed, the Danish shipbuilders removed the superstructure from the next E-class vessel being built and made a fast swap. The *Emma Maersk* was launched only six to seven weeks late.

Gray Fleets

In the Philippines, the Japan-based mine countermeasures vessel *USS Guardian* ran onto Tubbataha Reef, a UNESCO-designated World Heritage Site, in spite of warnings from park rangers. Efforts to pull the ship free and attempts to lift it by the crane barge *SMIT Borneo* (recently used on the wrecked container ship *Rena* in New Zealand) proved fruitless and damaged the fiberglass and wood ship enough so it will be dismantled in place. The cause of the mishap seems to have been an error on digital charts that misplaced the reef by several miles. The Philippine Government and people were not happy with the accident and the US government will probably pay the usual fine of about \$300 per square meter (yard) of damaged coral, plus other fees. But the Navy has good company, in 2005 the environmental group Greenpeace was fined almost \$7,000 after its flagship struck a reef in the same area.

The US Navy revised its overall fleet-size requirement downward from 313 to 306 ships, a modest downscaling that reflects modified operational requirements, not the ongoing budget crisis. The fleet currently has 288 ships, up from May 2007's low of 275 ships. (The count fell below 300 in August 2003.)

The US Navy cut back the number of aircraft carriers in the Persian Gulf region from two to one, the latest example of how contentious fiscal battles in Washington are impacting the US military. The *USS Harry S. Truman* and its carrier strike group will now remain stateside at Norfolk, Virginia.

The \$3.3 billion, three-and-a-half-year refueling overhaul of the nuclear powered aircraft carrier *USS Abraham Lincoln* was postponed by the Navy, another manifestation of Congress's inability to pass a 2013 defense funding bill. Any significant delay in beginning the *Lincoln's* refueling overhaul will ripple through years of carrier scheduling.

White Fleets

The cruise ship *Seabourn Quest* left Tonga an hour earlier than scheduled so it would be in deeper water when a tsunami hit. (The 5' high waves of the tsunami, created by a magnitude 8.0 earthquake at Santa Cruz Island several hundred miles SW of the Solomon Islands, killed nine people at Santa Cruz plus others in the Solomons.)

The polar expedition ship *Silver Explorer* encountered heavy weather and sustained damage while on a cruise from the Argentinean port of Ushuaia to South Georgia and the Antarctic Peninsula and so it returned to port. None of the 133 passengers were injured but four crew members had minor injuries.

The polar expedition ship *PV Orion*, 11 days into an 18-day cruise of the Antarctic and sub-Antarctic, made a 50-hour diversion from a visit to Macquarie Island to pluck a French solo sailor from a liferaft. His boat, the Tchouk Tchouk Nougat, had been dismantled and suffered hull damage about 500 miles southwest of Tasmania during a solo round the world voyage. The rescue effort lasted three days and involved near continuous communication with the 63-year-old sailor and multiple airdrops by up to five aircraft while the *PV Orion* and its 100 passengers headed towards the raft through deteriorating weather. When in contact, the *PV Orion* launched a Zodiac and then tethered the Zodiac and life raft together and pulled the sailor into the Zodiac. Next stop on the ship's revised itinerary? Hobart, Tasmania.

Those That Go Back and Forth

The passenger ferry *Sarash* capsized after colliding with a sand barge on a river in central Bangladesh, dumping as many as 100 people into the water. There were no immediate reports of casualties after the ferry went down on the River Meghna in Munshiganj district, 32 kilometers (20 miles) south of Dhaka, but there was confusion over the number of passengers on board. A TV station put the number at more than 100, a local police official said it was about 80 and the president of the Bangladesh Inland Water Transport and Passenger Service said the ferry was carrying just over 50 passengers.

Legal Matters

The Philippine Senate committee on foreign affairs conducted an inquiry into operations of the small tanker *Glenn Guardian*, a contract vessel that removed waste from US Navy ships, and found it liable for violating Philippine laws when it dumped some 200,000 liters of wastewater off Subic, Zambales. (A business rival tipped off authorities to the dumping in 2011). But the Subic Bay Metropolitan Authority concluded that the

Malaysian contractor had committed no violations with regards to its handling and disposal of waste materials, agreeing with company statements that the waste materials were "treated" and environmentally harmless.

Nature

A preliminary new record low water level of 576.02' (175.57 meters) was registered for Lake Michigan-Huron for January. It was the lowest water level for this body of water since Great Lakes water levels were first maintained in 1918.

Energy

Although the current federal administration and the greens want to kill off all fossil fuels, shipments of US-mined steam coal last year were 120 million tons, about twice that exported as recently as 2009. Most of the coal went to Europe, especially the UK, the Netherlands and Italy, for generation of electricity. For many years the US exported much high quality metallurgical coal used in steel mills but now most exports are of steam coal.

A California senator introduced a bill to permanently prohibit offshore drilling on the outer Continental Shelf off the coast of California, Oregon and Washington.

Production of coal in Australia and the overseas shipping of it were hampered by two factors. Bad weather hit first. Yarrabee coal mine after it received more than 360mm of rain in the pit and production was suspended for two days. Another Force Majeure was declared due to damage caused to the Blackwater rail corridor by ex-Tropical Cyclone *Oswald*. Yarrabee, along with several other mines on the same rail corridor, was not able to rail coal from the mines to the port in Gladstone. Following flooding in Queensland, Xstrata declared a Force Majeure on some of its coal exports because heavy rains damaged its rail network. Rio Tinto Ltd also declared a Force Majeure on coal sales contracts from its Kestrel mine due to damage to the Blackwater rail network.

But Australian men also played a role. Australia's main rail union called two 24-hour strikes that affected the New South Wales coal industry. Pacific National Rail normally hauls about 300,000 tonnes of coal per day and so there were 600,000 metric tons less coal in the stockpiles at Newcastle and Port Kembla when rail resumed.

In Nigeria, Shell declared a Force Majeure at their Soku gas flow station when there was no supply available due to leaks in the pipeline and loading of a LNG vessel at the Bonny Nigeria LNG Terminal had to be suspended.

Salvage

About two weeks after its stranding, the fast reefer *Asia Lily* was pulled off its island beach by the Papua New Guinea based tugs *Wombi* and *Vulcan*. (The *Asia Lily* had been on its way to the Philippines to get bananas when it ran into a coral beach at speed and ended up with its bow angled high above the beach on Kwaiawata Island in the Marshall Bennett Islands on Christmas Eve, December 24, last year).

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Piracy reached a five-year low in 2012 thanks to a "huge reduction" in Somali piracy, but East and West Africa remain as "hot" areas. Attacked in 2012 were 297 ships

vs 439 vessels the previous year. Globally, pirates boarded 174 ships last year, while 28 ships were hijacked and 28 were fired on. Hostages taken onboard fell to 585 vs 802 in 2011, a further 26 were kidnapped for ransom in Nigeria. Six crew were killed and 32 were injured or assaulted.

Sailors on board the *USS Kearsarge* and *USS San Antonio* can chat with each other for free using free Android powered LG phones, subject to certain limits. The warships are parts of a 4G LTE network, a microwave based wireless wide area network, or WWAN, that handles calls, text and data transfers anywhere within a radius of 20 nautical miles. One probable application, helicopter crews will be able to shoot videos of pirates and forward the footage for analysis.

The US Navy has been crowd sourcing other ideas using a new gaming platform called MMOWGLI (Massive Multiplayer Online Wargame Leveraging the Internet) to collectively generate ideas. Anti-piracy results have included "stinky water" walls (a skunk smelling water curtain that even a tough Marine cannot penetrate), propeller tangling ropes and extremely loud (louder than a jet engine at 100') warnings to turn away.

Odd Bits

The Bureau of Safety and Environmental Enforcement issued a Safety Alert to operators of some offshore rigs in the Gulf of Mexico. They must secure current well operations and retrieve the Lower Marine Riser Package (LMRP) and/or Blowout Preventer (BOP). The existing bolts on the LMRP connector/wellhead connector must be changed out with bolts certified by an independent third party to be in compliance with recommended heat treatment practices or the existing bolts must be examined and certified by an independent third party that they are fit for the purpose. The Safety Alert was triggered by a pollution incident involving the discharge of synthetic base mud (SBM) into the water due to a loss of integrity of a LMRP H-4 connector.

India issued a circular reporting that a container ship arriving in Mumbai had fires in two of its containers. They held sunflower cake with an oil content of 14-16% and a moisture content of 4-6% and had experienced self-heating due to oxidation of the residual oil.

The bulkier *Oliva* with a cargo of soy beans (nearly 60% of all soybeans entering international trade today go to China, making it far and away the world's largest soy bean importer) was enroute from Brazil to Singapore when it ran aground on Spinners Point, the far northwest promontory of Nightingale Island, a four square kilometer island in the Tristan da Cunha archipelago in the South Atlantic, the most remote inhabited archipelago in the world. The crew of 22 was removed and the vessel soon broke up. That was in March 2011.

Recently a lifeboat from the *Oliva* washed ashore in the Cooring wetlands near the mouth of the Murray in South Australia after having floated about 8,000 kilometres from Nightingale Island. The boat with 29 seats, a diesel engine and a lot of barnacles must have passed south of one of the world's most famous capes but which one? Was it the Cape of Good Hope (drifting eastward) or Cape Horn (westward)?

The Mersey Clipper Dinghy One Design, by John Earp

Reprinted from Dinghy Cruising - Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

So what were the old West Cheshire Clipper Dinghies really like to sail? John Earp owned and loved one, but also brought into existence the new GRP version, the Mersey Clipper, and here he describes and compares the two boats for us.

The Mersey Clipper Dinghy, daughter of the West Cheshire Clipper Dinghy came into being in 1994 when two sailing pals, Derek Morley and myself, were chatting over a glass of quality red wine in Derek's study and home boat yard (his bit of the house that is out of his wife's way). A commitment was made to recreate the class in glass fibre. An original hull was borrowed from the Wallasey Yacht Club, some repair work and cleaning up carried out, then a mould was made by a local GRP firm Virgo Marine, who have designed and built a number of boats and canoes. The mould had to be made in three sections due to the slight tumblehome of the hull.

Virgo Marine built two hulls in 60zs chopped stand mat, then we each fitted out our own boats, with built-in buoyancy compartments fore and aft to ensure they would float if filled with water: the wooden ones only floated with a couple of inches freeboard, so you could not bail them out if full.

The wooden boats, being of strong construction, are quite heavy. I owned *Falcon*, having bought her from a Stan Lambert who I believe had her from new and was a long-standing member of the West Cheshire Sailing Club. During that time we had the wonderful facility of a purpose-built pontoon at the rear of the floating landing stage at New Brighton near the mouth of the River Mersey to keep our dinghies on. Each of the above clubs had their own changing rooms, with lockers and storage for spars and sails, and also a joint starting platform, courtesy of the Mersey Ferries.

Our sailing and racing was done at low water. In the 1950s and 60s we could sail to the Burbo sandbank two to three miles out to what was known as the Lagoon. The bank dried out 22 feet in those days and created the lagoon with slack water, that yachts and dinghies would meet up in, with swimming, cricket, rounders and football taking place. It was an ideal place for scrubbing the larger boats, and it was very pleasant being there after the river, which runs up to 5 and 6 knots. Due to sea defence groins changing the ebb tide, the bank has long been washed flat and the lagoon has sadly gone.

The new and the old: GRP Swift left, wooden Falcon right



John Earp in Swift, two West Cheshire Clippers behind

The Clippers were regularly used as boarding boats to vessels moored off New Brighton and I used to row out with three or four crew, including one guy of 22 stones (140 kilos). There have been as many as six in with two banks of oars each with a pair of rowers, due to the strong tide. One could stand on the gunwales to board a high craft as they were very stable due to their weight.

Sadly, during a severe storm one of the two large bridges to the landing stage ripped out from its fixings and fell into the river crushing a number of Clippers. This was the end of our facilities. I tried sailing *Falcon* from the beach, but she was too heavy to pull through the soft sand. Sadly I decided to sell her to an old friend Don (Gordon) Bourne who gives her the loving care she needs.

So how do the two Clippers compare? The Mersey Clipper is much lighter, with a plywood drop plate that has a lead weight moulded in to keep it down. She floats an inch or two higher. I kept the full size sail intending to use it only in fair weather as an age thing, but I have found I am able to sail with full sail up to force 4 or 5 with the gunwales just awash, and even 5 gusting 6 with extra care. Holding her there in the gusts to see what happened, I found that the rudder loses its grip in the water and she quickly comes up to wind making her very safe.

It is not necessarily the same with the wooden one, which you can heel further before she comes up to wind, taking some water on board. Rowing to windward in a strong wind is not as good as the wooden Clipper as she does not have the weight to carry her way.

A couple of years back I met up with Don at the Old Gaffers rally at Ullswater in the Lake District and there were a number of races we took part in. The outcome, we agreed, was that both boats are well matched. We both have similar sailing experience and found that the lighter boat had a slight advantage in very light

FREE COPY!

Like to see a complete issue of *Dinghy Cruising*?
If so, we will email to you a pdf of a recent issue.
Email the Editor: keithmuscott@aol.com



wind and the heavier boat was a little better in the strong wind over force 4. When the wooden boat runs before a strong wind the bows dig in a little more and on a number of occasions on the sea in *Falcon* I have had to sit far out on the quarter to stop the bows going under, watching the bow wave waiting to come aboard and looking for the chance to come off the wind without sailing under. This does not appear to be as bad with the GRP hull.

My boat *Swift* is a white hull and fitted out in mahogany with the traditional red sail. Both boats feel the same to sail, both can take two extra adults or three to four small youngsters under sail. The grandchildren love it.

I read the interesting article on Clipper dinghies by Mike Greenwood and Keith Muscott and remember Mike's uncle Eric Greenwood, as I was also a member of the West Cheshire Sailing Club. Mike described the boat *Whimbrel* that his father sailed to Anglesey as a keel boat. She is in fact a SEABIRD Half Rater with a drop plate and is still sailing at New Brighton. She was built in 1906. The class is in the Guinness records book as the oldest one design class still racing, the first boats being built in 1898, with three of these still racing alongside *Whimbrel* at New Brighton on the Wirral. JE



The shot that reveals how low in the water the wooden Clippers sink when swamped, making it impossible for them to be bailed out. John Higson Greenwood in the oggin up to his neck (centre). The outboard motor is a Britannia Light Flat Twin 4hp (1932), as any fule no. The 'competition' to identify it was dropped because Len blabbed on Dinghy Solent Forum – not that anyone was bothered enough to enter. I hope there's more interest in the Christmas Crossword.



That's what they say. I think only people are truly precious. My Kathy is precious, because she is irreplaceable. She also kind, gorgeous and, in many ways, the smartest woman I know. She is irreplaceable, thus she is precious. My daughter and grandchildren are irreplaceable, and they are precious too.

Oh...and time. Time is precious, because it's also irreplaceable. I've never forgotten the jazz presenter on WGBH, in Boston, Massachusetts (well, OK, I've forgotten his name. Eric...somebody), back in the 1960s, who signed off every broadcast with the following advice, "Spend your time wisely. It's the only thing you'll never have more of." I might be paraphrasing the last bit, but you get the idea.

Inanimate objects should not precious...though we often act as if they were. Think about every new automobile you ever bought. Wasn't it a relief when it finally had a little dent somewhere, a scuff in the paint where someone brushed against it backing out of a tight parking space, that first little knick in the windshield from a flying pebble? Until then it was pristine and, you thought (come on, admit it), it was kind of precious. After that first blemish, it was just the car. Oh sure, you still took good care of it...changed the oil, got the regular maintenance done, etc. If it was a bit sporty, a Mustang or an Austin-Healey 3000, you probably started having a lot more fun with it because you quit worrying about it. It was no longer pristine, hence no longer precious.

There are, perhaps, some exceptions, your wedding ring, a special family photo, great grandmother's crystal wine glasses (all irreplaceable), but allowing inanimate objects to become precious is the fastest way to squelch the all the joy, and much of the pleasure, of having them. This is because it limits your use of them, usually in ways that distort their makers' intentions and your purpose for acquiring them. You've made them precious, and because of that you worry about them, fuss over them, protect them more than you should.

I have one of those. It's a hollow body Ibanez guitar. It's not an especially expensive guitar, as guitars go, and I got a killer deal on it from a vendor who had been looking at it for three years and just wanted to get it out of his inventory. But, in a house with (currently) four electric guitars, one acoustic electric bass and one classical guitar, it's the sweetest sounding instrument in the stable. I love the sound of that guitar. And after a year of steady use, it's still in pristine condition, too. ("Pristine"...that word again.)

Consequently, the Ibanez never leaves the house. I won't take it to jam sessions or parties. I have a cheap Stratocaster clone for those. That's because I don't ever want to be as mad at someone as I would be if he spilled a beer on the Ibanez. Or, God help her, if someone tipped it off its stand and sent it crashing to the floor. Well, that's just not right. It's a guitar. Its function in the world is to make a pretty noise, so people feel good hearing its prettiness. I am, in my own inept way, supposed to stimulate it to make that pretty noise. Not bringing it to a party is selfish on my part and a serious distortion of the instrument's true function. In short, I've let it become precious. This bothers me and kind of embarrasses me. But the Ibanez still doesn't leave home.

On Route 1, between Belfast and Camden, Maine, there was a small boat dealer. He

St Mary's Bay Chronicles No 4

The Trouble with Precious

By Ernie Cassidy

The Merriam-Webster Dictionary definition of "precious:"

1 - of great value or high price (e.g., precious jewels)

2 - highly esteemed or cherished (e.g., a precious friend)

3 - excessively refined: affected (e.g., precious manners)

4 - great, thoroughgoing (e.g., a precious scoundrel)

stocked mostly wooden daysailers and over-nighters. For some years, it was my pleasure to stop and browse the stock on the bi annual visits to my family in Lincolnville. There was no room in the budget for a store bought sailboat in those days, but it was fun to wander around and daydream. Take this Dark Harbor 17 out for a pretend cruise in Penobscot Bay, or imagine the admiration that little Haven 12½ would attract ghosting into Boothbay Harbor at sunset.

One time I stopped because there was a pretty little catboat on a trailer right handy to the highway. On closer examination, I realized it was a stunning little catboat. Acres of gleaming varnished wood...every spar, thwart, knee (lots of knees), the wale strake, even the footboards. Gleaming. Pristine! After admiring the heart stopping beauty of its shape, the lavishly finished wood and the incredible care and craftsmanship that went into her making, I walked away without a trace of longing or envy. Fact is, I wouldn't have taken that boat as a gift because I knew I would never be able to enjoy it. It was w-a-a-y too precious.

Could you imagine spilling a Coke into the bilges of such a boat? Or running it up onto a gravel beach? Using its centerboard, finished like a Chippendale secretary, as a rude depth sounder? Or not spending the 100 hours a year it would take to maintain that finish...on an 18' daysailer?!? I certainly couldn't. Not any more than I could imagine actually spending the 100 hours maintaining all that varnish. I'd rather spend it in a dentist's chair. Dentists have anesthetics. Hey, don't get me wrong, I admire gold platers as much as the next guy. I just don't want to be responsible for one.

Philip Bolger once designed a boat in much the same frame of mind. It was in sympathy with this aversion to preciousness. The design was called "Eek!", in his words, "...a tuneless squeak." The boat he was reacting to was "Piccolo," a boat commissioned by *WoodenBoat* magazine and impeccably realized by the late Robert Baker. (Get it? The sound of a piccolo vs a "tuneless squeak.")

In Bolger's words, "Her very perfection gave me a qualm. If I owned her, my sport would be marred by the deadly fear that she'd meet with some disaster. Not that she's fragile, but that she's *precious* (italics mine). Dare one run her into that rocky cove? Take her on the highway when the drunks are out? I would design a disposable cruising canoe, a caricature of "Piccolo," suitable to be risked

in irresponsible adventures while the precious original reposed safely in a glass case with a nitrogen atmosphere." (30-Odd Boats, Philip C. Bolger). You can't put it much more eloquently than that.

My flat iron skiff *Pamplemousse* (described in a preceding article) was the ultimate anti precious boat. She was knocked together with ordinary lumberyard spruce, fastened with common galvanized nails, clenched 2½" spiral galvanized nails for the side planking (one wag asked if we were building an ice breaker), finished with house paint on the outside and a not-officially-approved combination of kerosene and roofing tar inside.

I sense you wincing, but the kerosene/roofing tar mix produced a lovely nut brown stain that made both the spruce hull and pine thwarts look quite attractive...in a workboat sort of way. Smelled pretty boaty, too, even without a great iron lump of diesel engine hunkering amidships. And cheap? I'd be embarrassed to tell you how cheap. I am certain that no one has ever had more fun than I did, for a longer time (she was in steady use, for almost 15 years, before the bottom planks finally gave out), for less money than I did with that boat.

From her quick and dirty beginning, she was constantly tinkered with, experimented with, tarted up and improved upon. Her sailing rig evolved from a crude square sail, to a catboat rig, a sloop, a yawl (the best of them) and, for one mad afternoon, a schooner. The masts began as living trees on my woodlot. The mainmast wept sap the whole first season.

Various styles of leeboards, and methods of attaching same, were tried. They were finally replaced with a centerboard. A couple of rudders were tried, and several tillers...each more shapely than the previous one. A tiller comb was added for solo lake sailing. She sailed for two seasons with homemade sails. I had a great time. And tried any cockamamie idea that sprang into my head.

My Christmas present, for the third sailing season, was a store bought mainsail that cost more than all the other materials in the boat...and was, to be completely honest, worth every penny. It transformed her sailing.

In the process, I learned to use wood-working tools that I'd never had occasion to use before. A friend, who did blacksmithing, made me a huge slick out of spring steel from a truck's suspension. I could put an edge on it that would dry shave the hair off my arm. It would go for months without so much as a honing and could peel off a shaving I could read printed text through. I found a wood-bodied plane at a yard sale, radiused the bottom and the blade and used to round up spar stock. I "inherited" some tools and a pile of boating books from my mentor, John, and learned to use them.

All the while I was having a wonderful time in, and with, my terribly ordinary, non descript, flat iron skiff. I would beach her anywhere, sail her into a rocky cove like the one mentioned above. I never worried that anyone would steal her or vandalize her. In fact, I never worried about her at all. What I did was enjoy her. And got countless hours of joy out of her. I loved that little boat, but it wasn't precious.

If I build another boat, it won't be done with more care than went into the *Pamplemousse*. John and I cared about it quite a lot. There simply were severe time and budget constraints and we did the best we could

within them. It wasn't careless work, it was hurried work.

I have two boats I can use so there is no urgency about building a third. The next boat will be built without the hurry and with much more skill, skill that was acquired by doing, not by sitting around wishing I could, and by trying, each time, to do the next thing a just a little better. Not to make it precious, but to make it as functional, safe, and as "right" as possible.

How about you? Have you been dreaming about building a nice little rowing boat or sailboat? Are you held back by the thought that you don't have the experience or "required" skills? Forget that stuff. One of Pete Culler's most quoted lines is, "Experience starts when you begin." He was so right. The information you need is out there; Chappelle's *Boat Building* is still in print, there's a new compilation of Culler's own writings, John Gardner's books are still available and newer boat building books as well.

Start simple, a flat iron skiff is as simple as it gets. Start cheap, lumberyard materials, plain galvanized fastenings, fabricate everything you can. If you have to buy hardware, buy good stuff...for the next boat. The one you'll buy the "proper" boat lumber for. The one you'll want to look shipshape and smart. The one you'll build with your newly acquired skills and growing confidence.

Do the same with the sail, buy it for the next, bigger boat. Sure, it's oversized for the skiff, so get two or three deep reefs put in it. That big sail will give you some real thrill rides and the reefs will save your life when it breezes on. But it will work great with the bigger boat, too. And you'll be used to reefing. Or look for a used sail. Rig your boat to suit it. If you get it cheaply enough, you can have it recut to fit the rig you've already chosen or built. Racers replace their sails almost every year. If there's a fleet nearby, check it out. A lum-

beryard tarp will move the boat too. Go with what the budget allows.

The one thing you don't want to scrimp on is tools. Get good tools. You really don't need that many, so get good ones. Good used tools from yard sales, shoppers, or eBay, are better than the cheap, whiz bang, dazzle graphics, no-slip-plastic-coated crap that is currently being sold in big box stores. Talk to people who know tools. Look for user reviews on the internet.

Don't be afraid of good hand tools. The pyramids were built without motorized tools. So was the world dominating British wooden navy. Drills with a wire coming out of them will outwork, and outlast, anything with a battery on its butt. Extension cords are cheaper than replacement batteries (or battery chargers, which cost more than the drill itself, if you can get one at all).


You can do this. You really can. And you'll never regret it...as long as you don't let it become precious.

The Wooden Canoe Heritage Association
...preserving, studying, building, restoring and using wooden and birch bark canoes...

Local events throughout Canada and the United States
 On-line research and repair help at www.WCHA.org
 Bi-monthly journal, *Wooden Canoe* • Annual Assembly

ASSEMBLY 2013 featuring
July 9-14
 Paul Smith's College, Paul Smiths, N.Y.
All are Welcome. Join Us!

Become a member today.
 Information at www.WCHA.org or call 603-323-8992.




It's about time



Join Us

Kayaksailor.com
 Kuryla LLC PO Box 1470 Hood River, OR 97031 Ph 541.716.6262

ELECTRIC SKIFF



Silent e-boats made of sapele mahogany
EDOAK DESIGNS Atlanta, GA
 404.355.2983 edoak@mindspring.com
www.edoak.com

SHAW & TENNEY
 Orono, Maine

...the World's Finest Oars and Paddles, since 1858.



Handcrafted in Maine, used all over the world.

- Oars and Paddles
- Wooden Masts and Spars
- Bronze Rowing Hardware
- Adirondack Guide Boat Oars and Hardware
- Boat Hooks
- Handmade Brown Ash Pack Baskets and Creels
- Wooden Flagpoles

www.shawandtenney.com
 PO Box 213, Orono, Maine 04473 - 800-240-4867

We build electric boats one at a time, very slowly. They really are not “custom boats” since the owner is an opinionated old man who only enjoys building nice boats exactly the way that he designed them. However, any helpful suggestions such as paint colors or locations for fishing rod holders will be welcome. We do not offer built in extras such as ice chests (you can get those cheaper at Ace Hardware), mother-in-law seats (let the poor lady sit up front with her grandkids) or dining tables (these are boats, not yachts).

Most small wooden boat builders require a deposit with a boat order and subsequent payments as building progresses (kind of like buying on the Walmart layaway plan). We prefer to sell you a boat by having you write just one check after a boat is completed. That way you get to actually see what you are buying and the owner does not have to feel guilty about not working on your boat on those days when he had rather be playing golf. The boats are pretty labor intensive to build, so if you are the negotiating type, the price is more likely to go up than down.

The perfect home for one of our boats would be on a small inland lake with a boat house and boat lift. If those are not available, we can work with you to select proper boat covers and bottom paint for protection from the elements. The motor pods are suitable for use in salt water, but should not be moored in salt water. The boats are easy to launch from a trailer which will fit in most garages.

Electric boats keep oil out of the water and decibels out of the air. The silence is the part that makes e-boating so enjoyable. It is a bit like sailing without all the work and you get to keep moving when the wind dies. Using the navigation lights for a moonlight wine and cheese cruise is about as good as it gets. If it becomes too quiet for you, good sounds from the CD player and iPod are great on the water. Mozart sounds much better than a water gurgling, piston popping V8, and is more considerate to your neighbors. At a top speed of 6mph, your small lake feels bigger, and the trip becomes as interesting as the destination. You will enjoy the scenery and get to see wildlife without chasing it off. Also, in e-boats you don't have to worry about having that silly looking 180° neck twitch while figuring out if your grandkids have fallen off their water skis, or if you just forgot and left them back on the dock.

Since by weight the energy capacity of batteries is only a small fraction of that of gasoline, the design of an electric boat has to focus on efficiency. Our displacement hull has a slender entry and narrow, flat rocker bottom with substantial side flare, similar to a dory. The flat, stable bottom transitions to a round shape forward of the transom to reduce turbulence and power consuming drag.

Wood is the ideal material for an electric boat as it provides the classic look that seems to go so well with relaxing, quiet e-boating. Wood also results in a lighter boat than fiberglass so requires less additional flo-

Edoak Electric Skiff



tation material to counter the weight of heavy batteries. Ninety percent of the wood in our boats is sapele mahogany from managed forests in central Africa. The beautiful wood has high strength, dimensional stability and good decay resistance. The excellent cross grain strength of the interlocked grain is what made the wood suitable for the propeller blades of German zeppelins. We use solid sapele lumber to make the transom, breasthook, rails, deck/seats and many interior parts. The hull is formed of laminated sapele panels cut to form the bottom and lapstrake siding. The overlapping panels are attached to cypress stringers with epoxy and over 600 embedded stainless steel screws. The bottom and lower siding are covered with tough, abrasion resistant Dynel fabric and epoxy before priming for marine paint.

Maintenance associated with a wooden boat is not much different from a fiberglass boat if both boats are well cared for. Fiberglass boats allow for more neglect and often are neglected. A well built wooden boat is more likely to be properly maintained and to look great after 50 years.

Most small commercially available electric boats are broadly decked forward and aft at the rail level, resulting in a cozy cockpit seating area. We elected to have the same cockpit but to make the boat more open to utilize the full boat length. The large deck/seats are lowered to seating height and offer forward or rear facing seating for front occupants. The seat/decks also provide a stable platform for fishing and for entering or departing the boat. External motor pods, instead of an inboard motor, give more onboard space and improve stability. A stainless steel steering wheel is used instead of the commonly used small tiller on many e-boats. All motor controls and the battery meter are conveniently located on the pedestal below the wheel.

The compartment beneath the forward seat/deck contains the battery bank, battery charger, main circuit breaker, bilge pump and flotation. The battery bank recharges over-

night by plugging into any 110 volt outlet. The premium, maintenance free, deep cycle AGM type batteries will normally last over five years before replacement. Mechanical and electrical components are “off the shelf” and listed in the owner's manual in case they ever require repair or replacement. Operating costs and maintenance will be less than for a gasoline powered boat.

Standard Equipment

- Sapele mahogany hull 16' long, 52" beam, 14" draft, 590lbs
- USCG capacities: 5 persons or 635lbs, 730lbs max, persons and gear
- Two 24, 1300w motors
- Four 100 ah, 12v Lifeline maintenance free AGM batteries
- Minn Kota four bank onboard charger
- Stainless steel steering wheel
- Marine alloy stainless steel rudder
- Battery meter (shows remaining battery charge)
- Navigation lights
- 24v to 12 DC converter, 12v power outlet
- Horn
- Automatic bilge pump
- Sony marine stereo AM/FM/CD with remote control and iPod jack
- Five docking cleats, two “L” shaped Taylor docking fenders
- Lifting eyes
- Two West Marine Go-Any-Where adjustable seats
- Owner's manual

Optional Equipment

- Bimini top: Sunbrella fabric with boot, stainless steel fittings
- Trailer: Painted steel with 12" wheels, Built to comply with USCG and ABYC regulations and guidelines.

Run Times at Various Speeds

(fully charged battery bank)

5.5 mph	- 2.0 hours (11 miles)
5.0 mph	- 3.2 hours (16 miles)
4.5 mph	- 4.7 hours (21 miles)
4.0 mph	- 7.0 hours (28 miles)
3.5 mph	- 10 hours (35 miles)
3.0 mph	- 23 hours (69 miles)

Edoak Designs, Atlanta GA
(404) 355-2983 – www.edoak.com



For several years now I have been watching the progress of this tall ship, the *SSV Oliver Hazard Perry*. It is actually the first full rigged ship built in the United States in over a hundred years. But not completely in the US. Construction began in Canada as a privately built project. The family that began the project "lost interest." In 2008 the non-profit organization Tall Ships Rhode Island (TSRI) decided to purchase the steel hull (\$339,000) and have it towed back to Rhode Island for completion. Not as a stand-at-the dock-tourist attraction but as a sail training and passenger carrying, revenue generating operation that would offset some of its costs of operation. She is scheduled to be launched in 2013 but an official launch date has not yet announced as of this writing.

The *SSV Oliver Hazard Perry* is a Class A Tall Ship 196' long and has three masts. The prefix SSV denotes Sailing School Vessel. The ship is named after Newport's naval hero of the war of 1812, Commodore Oliver Perry. Ironically, this ship began in the Great Lakes and has moved to Rhode Island, and Oliver Perry began in Rhode Island and gained fame on the Great Lakes.

The ship's Master will be Capt Richard Bailey. Capt Bailey was the captain of the *HMS Rose* until the *Rose* was sold to a production company in California for work on movies. He also has a blog with many photos of the ship. It is a picture history of the *Oliver Hazard Perry* leaving Canada pulled by tug through Lake Erie and the Welland Canal to Lake Ontario to the Oswego Canal at the east end, south to the Erie Canal, east to the Hudson River south, and around lower Manhattan to the East River, and into Long Island sound, then along the coast of Connecticut to Rhode Island on the Atlantic coast. What a grand adventure that trip must have been.

Follow it all with photos and text at Capt Bailey's blog, or link through NarragansettBayShipping.com. There are hours of detailed writing and photos to view from 2008 to the present day.



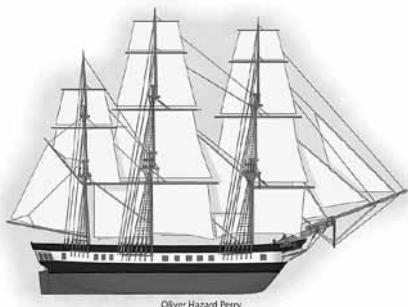
SSV Oliver Hazard Perry leaves Amherstburg 2008.

The hull was towed to its new home at Senesco Marine in Newport, RI, by Reagan Construction Corp., a OHPRI Marine Trades Partner.



Oliver Hazard Perry Rhode Island's Tall Ship

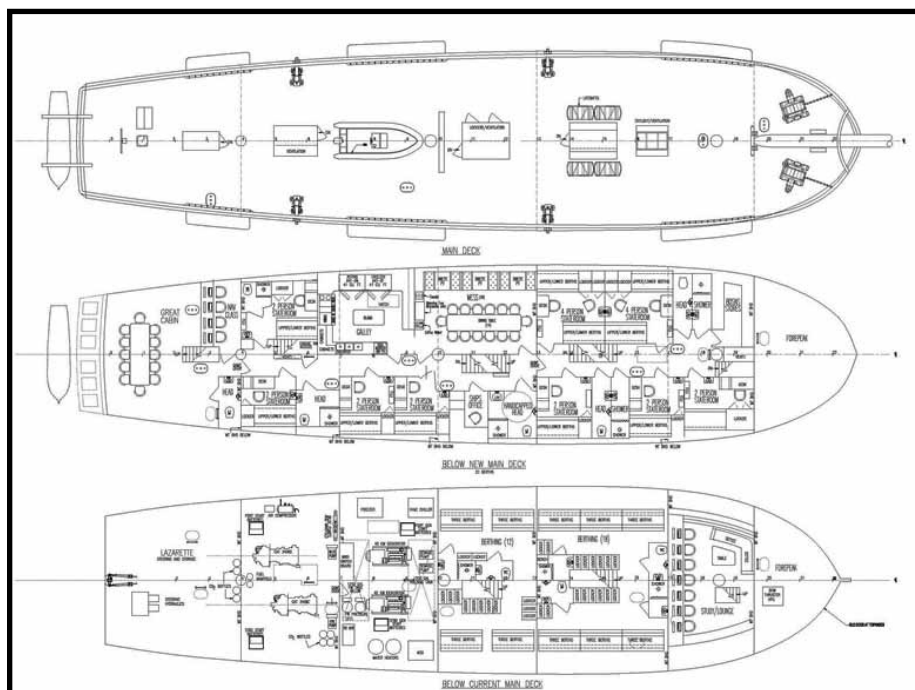
By Greg Grundtisch



Oliver Hazard Perry



The hull arrives in Newport 2008.



Benjamin Shulver of Ocean State Technical Services checks the quality of the welds in the cavernous hull.



Quality Restoration and Repair



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009
www.southportislandmarine.com

I recently undertook the design and construction of a model which looks like a Sonder Class boat on the water but which also fits within the Vintage 36 High Flyer class rules, albeit as a “fun sailer” and not as a competitive boat.

I have loved the looks of the Sonder since I first saw a picture of one many years ago. To me it combined both Edwardian charm and a shape that shouted “all out racing machine.” In 2007 I built a Sonder-inspired VM which I called *Blackchin* because of the black rubber bumper on its stem. It seemed only logical to call the V36 version *Blackchin II*.

History

In the late 1800s Kaiser Wilhelm II was determined to make Germany a maritime rival to Great Britain. Besides engaging in a naval arms race, Wilhelm sought to encourage a love of the sea in his largely landlocked nation by subsidizing yacht clubs and yacht racing. In 1900 he underwrote a new class of racing yachts to compete for a “Special Prize.” This class was called the “Special Class,” or “Sonderklasse” in German, in English they became known as the Sonder Class or Sonder boats. The object of the class was to produce boats that would be affordable for the largely middle class population of German yacht clubs, be sailed with a crew of two or three and be challenging enough to develop sailing skills in their crews. The class achieved all of these objectives.

The class rule was developed by committee that included an Englishman and was heavily influenced by an existing English class called the “15 Foot” class. The rule was a mixture of fixed limits and design tradeoffs. The sail area was fixed at 550sf. The hull form was limited by the rule LWL+Beam+Draft less than 32', with a minimum displacement of 4,035lbs. Owners also had to present invoices proving that the boat cost less than \$2,400, or about \$65,000 in today's money. There were also restrictions on construction, mainly that the hull have a single layer of longitudinal planking.

Sonder boats quickly evolved into what is known as the “scow” shape, which pro-

Blackchin II

A Sonder-Inspired V36

By Earl Boebert

Reprinted from *The Vintage Model Yacht*



Beaver, with her radical “Bat Wing” main, surfs Marblehead Harbor in 1910. Keeping your head down under that big main boom was definitely a good idea.

duces some of the fastest monohulls possible. The shape consists of a wide, shallow hull much like a surfboard, with long overhangs. They are designed to be sailed at alarming angles of heel to windward, during which the leeward side of the hull submerges and the windward side lifts out of the water, giving a long narrow underwater form like a canoe. To leeward the short waterline reduces the drag produced by wetted area and promotes a near planing behavior commonly called “surfing.” This speed comes at the cost of seaworthiness. Scows are wet, rough riding boats that pound terribly in any kind of a sea-way and today are sailed almost exclusively in the protected waters of inland lakes.

The designers and builders of the Sonders compensated for the draft restric-

tion by adopting some of the most advanced lightweight hull construction of the day, as shown in the plan. They pushed this to such a limit that Sonders were known to pound the caulk out of their planking in heavy seas and put themselves in imminent danger of foundering.

The main United States fleet was in Marblehead, Massachusetts, with a smaller one at New Orleans. There were international races sponsored by United States Presidents, first by Taft and then Teddy Roosevelt. The class was active up until the First World War. Boats were placed in storage and racing began again on European lakes, paused again for the Second World War, and continues to this day.

New Sonders were built in the 1990s, including a replica of Nathaniel Herreshoff's *Bilbelot*. Halsey Herreshoff also modernized the design with more freeboard and a modern fin and bulb keel, calling the boat *Streaker*. It is reputed to be one of the fastest sailboats on Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay.

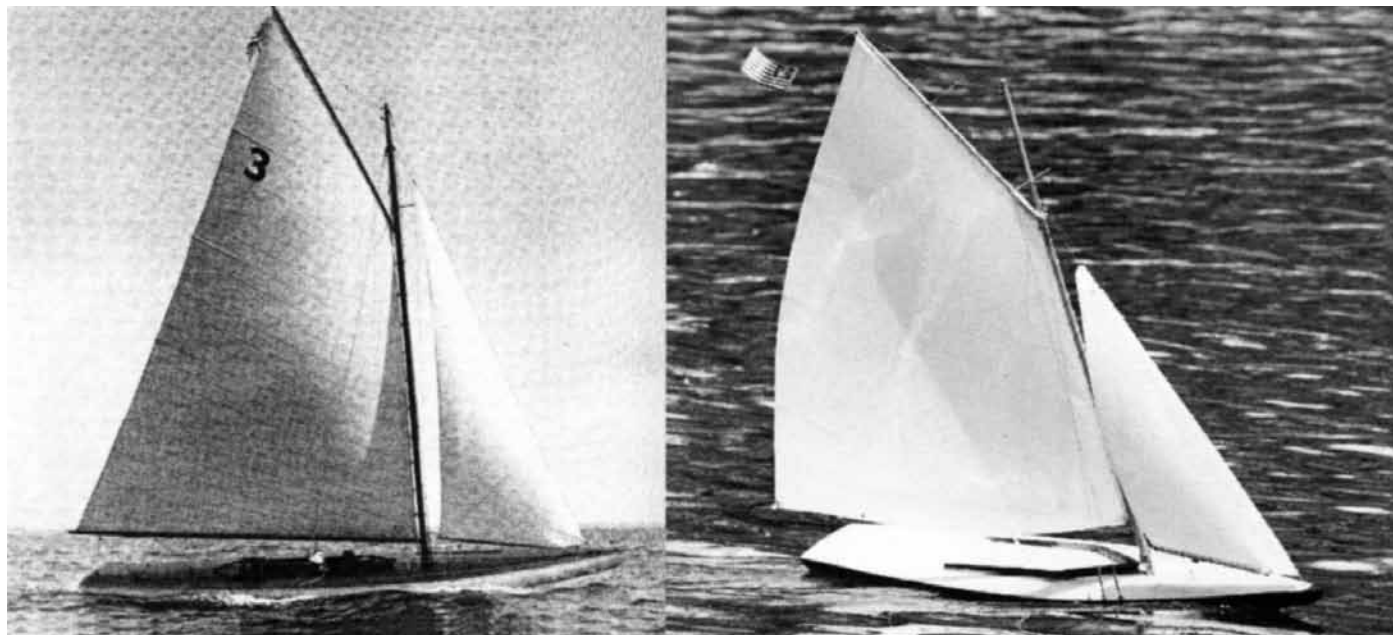
Two references for Sonders are *The Small Yacht* (1911) by Edwin A. Boardman and *Segeln Fur Den Kaiser* (2003) by Klaus Kramer. The Boardman book is a collector's item, very poor reproductions are available. The Kramer book, in German (“Sailing for the Kaiser”) is magnificent.

The U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group

<http://www.swcp.com/usvmyg/>

The U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group is a Special Interest Group of the American Model Yachting Association. Our organizational goals are the preservation, building and sailing of older model yacht designs and the study of the history of the sport of model yachting. “Vintage” primarily means any older model sailboats no longer sailed (or never raced) in serious competition. These encompass free-sailing model yachts, older designs converted to R/C and pre 1970s R/C sailing models. This includes class racing yachts, non class sailing models and commercially built toys of the past. There are also replica models built to the older designs and new designs recreating older sailboat styles.

Two Sonders, big and little, a hundred years apart. The left hand boat is the American Sonder *Cima*, built in 1910. The right hand boat is my V36 Sonder *Blackchin II*. (Right hand photo courtesy of Jay Eschenberg)





Of Pretty Boats Elixirs Sought and Matters Many!

By Mark Steele

Reprinted from *The Model Yacht*, Journal of the U.S. Model Yacht Group

A next RC sailing model by Auckland's "Ancient Mariner" windler, Derek Nicholson, was launched in April, 2012. The highly detailed model of the *Spirit of New Zealand* with her square-rigged foresails carries a false keel and bulb and, particularly when sailing, is an impressive looking square-rig tall ship. The real vessel is a sail training ship that spends some 340 days a year at sea and was built in 1973 for the Spirit of Adventure Trust.



Though I have never really been a true aficionado of multi-hull yachts, I have to confess that when they are "flying a hull" as *Red Bull* is shown doing and holding the level of lift as seen here in this photograph by Lloyds Images, they are extremely impressive. Taken at Quingdao, a city in the eastern part of China, in the Extreme Sailing Series 2012, it is a great photograph of a colourfully liveried multi hull racer on a perfect plane being expertly sailed. Now who is going to build a sailing model of *Red Bull*?



A new square-rigger (perhaps his last for a wee while) by Neville Wade of Britain, the *Linda 2nd*, is based on the *Peter Rickmers*, built in 1889 and wrecked on Long Island in 1908. The model is 1390mm long overall bowsprit end to stern rail. Neville has built a whole fleet of square riggers and often writes for *Marine Modeling International* on square-rig model matters.



A beautiful and rather special Canterbury J is the *Sea Lion* from Rick Mayes in Queensland, Australia, who became enraptured over these boats and had to have one. The hull he obtained from New Zealand and the boat was carefully built up by Rick, who designed and made all the deck fittings. Somewhat inspired by the latest J class boat, *Lionheart*, launched in the Netherlands, this J has overlapping sails and weighs 142lbs. Home waters are in Maroochydoore.



The scale section of the Fleetwood Yacht & Power Boat Club formed in 1929 in Britain is the largest section in the club with some 85 members, and the schooners they race are divided into three classes. There are some beautiful boats shown on the club website, many of them converted old A class yachts and Marbleheads, their hulls given new lives.

I have to say that much difficulty was experienced getting the names of the owners of those selected, or for that matter the names given to the boats. This red-sailed schooner (the ship with no name) built by Fred Baker (later sold to another member), is an old Marblehead hull that in a second life as a three-

master performs creditably and is an attractive looking semi-scale model of great visual appeal to the writer.

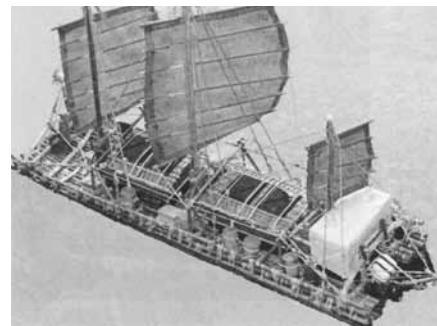
I particularly like the term given to me for a large percentage of the club's scale section members that of "recycled teenagers." Sounds better than "old codgers," don't you think?



Tim Severin's book *The China Voyage* inspired modeler Clive Halliwell of Lancashire in England to build his 30" model of the impressive ocean going bamboo raft *Hsu Fu*, its name the same as the full-size vessel named after an ancient Chinese mariner ordered by the first Emperor to search the Pacific Islands for an elixir of immortality.

Clive's model is an operational one of considerable difference to the usual run of yachts featured and had operating solar panels on the cabin tops to charge and help maintain the 7.2 volt power pack, and RC is fitted.

Back to that search for the elixir of immortality. People in China still die so I guess the sought elixir was never found!



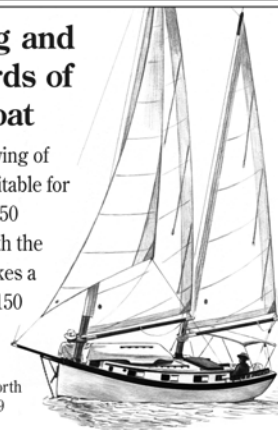
Have a look in your boatshed, see if you have not already made that discovery, then go down to the pond and watch the little schooner as it responds and heads into the wind... by jove, I think you've found it!

Drawing and Notecards of Your Boat

A pencil drawing of your boat, suitable for framing, and 50 notecards with the drawing. Makes a great gift! - \$150

Scott Baldwin
Box 884 Killingworth
Connecticut 06419

See web page: www.baldwinstudio.us



The plans for this “Americanized” interpretation of a traditional Norwegian “faering” were published in the September 1952 issue of *Motor Boating* magazine. William Atkin’s story was that he and son John were driving along the Long Island shore when they spied an authentic Norwegian faering on display in a small boatyard.

They took the measure of this little open double-ender and from that developed the design for Valgerda. They noted that the traditional model showed a shallow rockered oak keel, three pine frames sawn from natural crooks, diagonally fitted Scandinavian pine canted frames fore and aft, and 1/2” thick pine planking in three wide lapped strakes to a side. These represent construction features that have been refined over the thousand or more years of evolution of this craft.

Traditional faerings are built right side up on the keel, planked first and the frames fitted last. Interestingly, the Atkins’ interpretation of this type differs appreciably in most of these construction features. In terms of design, although the basic compelling beauty of the traditional hull form was preserved, the keel profile was altered drastically, placing the hull’s center of lateral resistance too far aft of the sail’s center of effort. This fundamental error seriously affected the boat’s sailing qualities.

Construction

In the fall of 1958, at age 18 and with a head full of Melville, Conrad, Kipling and Norse Sagas, I didn’t know much about traditional faerings. However, as far as I could tell, the lines for this little sea dragon just looked “right.” I wanted to build one of my own but lacked a place, the tools and the skills. As it happened, a friend of my father’s, Stubbs Thayer, was a skilled boat builder, as was his colleague Ed Chimney.

The latter had an unoccupied boat building shed, a pile of 10-year-old seasoned white oak (intended for building his H-28) and, most of the time, the tolerance to help me. The arrangement that we worked out was for me, the “young fellow,” to do as much as Ed judged me capable of doing, under his direction, and he and Stubbs would tend to the rest. In this way, the two master boat builders essentially created a customized kit building project for me.

So, during winter break from Case Tech, I spread builder’s paper over our living room floor and crawled around lofting the lines from the offsets using long fairing battens and lead ducks. Mr. Chimney judged the results satisfactory but, as an exacting craftsman, criticized me for using too wide a pencil. From the lines I laid out the outlines for the keel, deadwood, knees, stems and frames on the oak.

After the keel was cut, using the big band-saw, it measured an inch too short. I had made a careless mistake by marking one station interval at 11” instead of a full foot. Both the boat builders showed some hard feelings over this but didn’t put me through the big band-saw. The young fellow suggested just building the hull one inch shorter, but they dismissed this as nonsense and somehow contrived to make the after knee long enough to compensate. Then, after I had to return to classes, they assembled the hull’s inverted backbone.

Next break, I built the 11 softwood forms for defining the shape of the hull. With me away again, the boat builders fitted the mahogany double chines and inwales.

Valgerda A Critique

By John Avellone
jgavellone@aol.com

Background

Design # 704 by William and John Atkin
LOA 18’7” – LWL 14’9” – Beam 5’8”

Draft 1’6”

Freeboard 2’6” (Bow); 2’0” (Stem);
1’1” (Midships)

Displacement 550lbs

Sail Area 72sf (Standing Lug)

A peculiarity of the faering design is that the inwales do not run from stem to stem. Instead, they end on the cant knees that angle off the stems. According to some of the references I later found, this feature is believed to give the lightly built hull some degree of flexibility when struck by heavy seas. At the time, we didn’t know this, but the boat builders couldn’t bend the fore end of the inwales to meet the stem so they ended on the tops of the cant knees anyway.

At this stage, the varying angle for the stem rabbets could be found using fairing battens. As, I suppose, a gesture of increasing trust, I was shown how to estimate these and chisel them out. White oak is lovely to work using sharp tools! Interestingly, per the Atkins’ design, there was no rabbet in the keel.

Instead, an oak batten was to be nailed to each side of the keel timber and then beveled to take the garboard strake. This, I think, was weak and structurally unsatisfactory and, in fact, later was a source of small weeping leaks. In contrast, the keel of a traditional faering is worked into a “T” cross section from a single timber to provide the necessary bearing surface for the garboard strakes.

That approach is elegantly simple but requires a high level of skill to execute. A better approximation to the traditional might have been to use an inner keel, on the flat, beveled to match the planking, with a shallow vertical outer keel bolted to it.

With the boat’s bones complete and faired, it was time for planking. I picked up the necessary number of 12’ long sheets of 1/4” marine ply, ordered through the boatyard. The thin ply was probably the best substitute for the 1/2” thick pine used on the traditional Norwegian boats since the center strake of a typical faering needs to be over 16” wide.

While I was again away in classes, the two real boat builders laid out the strakes on the ply and cut them to shape. Next followed several father and son weekends pushing “Yankee” screwdrivers while we planked up the hull. It turned out OK. No gaps, bulges or extra holes. Only a few bronze screw heads snapped off.

Two points regarding the planking. Since the ply was only 12’ long, the two upper strakes had to be butted. We fitted solid mahogany butt block between the chine battens for this purpose. These butt blocks would better have been made of ply as the solid wood later warped a bit and cupped the strakes in those areas. Second, the strakes were not lapped as on the traditional faerings.

Probably the thinner ply stiffened by the chine battens gave about as strong a structure but necessitated the more complicated and

time-consuming construction method (temporary forms, the addition of chine battens and the necessity of fitting the inwales to the forms rather than later springing them inside of a planked hull shell).

By the time the planking was complete, the weather had warmed, even in northern Ohio, and it seemed like a good idea to try to seal the planking seams with fiberglass tape. That many years ago we didn’t have much experience with this material. In particular, we didn’t appreciate the odd viscosity properties of polyester resin that, compared with conventional paint or varnish, it tended to flow off vertical surfaces much easier.

In ignorance, I taped the seams and dabbed on enough resin to fill the weave and departed. Next weekend I returned to find hard icicles of resin dried to the planking, much of the weave of the tape exposed and small pools of semi sticky resin outlining the hull’s sheer plan on the shop floor. Hard feelings from the master boat builder. Threat to throw the young fellow and his boat out of the shed.

Fortunately another builder, more experienced with the ways of polyester, stated that this was how this new material behaved. Ended up spending a lot of lost time chipping the drips off the concrete floor. Later, in use, the tape held up well on the ply but failed along the garboard and pulled away from the oak keel timber.

How, asked the elder boat builder, did the young fellow propose to turn the hull over? My cunning idea, to just get a bunch of friends, free the hull from the forms, lift it up and turn it over using simple brute man-handling, was rejected. Instead, he contrived a clever combination of slings, block and tackle from an overhead beam and a bale of hay to lift the hull free and turn it over by just ourselves with controlled grace.

Unlike the traditional Norwegian faerings, which are built with only a shallow keel and carry no ballast except for a load of fish or a few Norwegians, the design for *Valgerda* called for 105lbs of lead on the bottom of a deep oak keel. This weight I scrounged in the form of numerous discarded lead capsules originally used to ship radio isotopes to the local hospitals.

A friendly local plumber undertook to melt these down and cast the ballast, in four pours, in a wood mould. I had built the mould intending to line it with asbestos paper. In the end I couldn’t get any in time and used a layer of grease instead. So, without the thickness of the paper, the casting ended up a bit wider and deeper and heavier. Perhaps about 120lbs.

To fit the lead to the boat, I worked it into position under the keel and, by means of a bottle jack against a board against the lead, lifted the entire weight of the hull partly out of the cradle to force the lead to deform enough to make a tight fit against the oak. It was easy to secure the ballast. Just crouch in the hull holding a big 1/2hp drill and try to keep a 2’ long bit exactly vertical over the 2” wide keel while boring four bolt holes through a foot of oak and lead. They all came out pretty much OK despite some heavy teasing from the elder boat builder.

At this point, it was almost summer and the boat needed only spars, thwarts and painting. As designed, *Valgerda* was to have removable thwarts. However, some rough calculations showed that, if swamped, the hull would have less than 100lbs of residual buoyancy. This seemed inadequate for her intended use in open waters.

Accordingly, I made the thwarts fixed, well braced to the frames, and fitted styrofoam blocks beneath. The styrofoam came from the local boatyard, in the quantity then being used in their "Thistle" class dinghies. As it turned out, the only time the boat swamped was at the dock when a storm blew a poorly secured "toy" cabin cruiser over on top of her. She did float with her gunnels above water.

The boat builder approved of the stick of pine I selected for a mast. It met the standards, in terms of straightness of grain and number of rings that he formerly applied to selecting wood for troop glider construction during WWII. He showed me how to cut the taper and round it by saw, hatchet, long spar plane and finally by use of a long strip of sander belt.

During varnishing we had another of our encounters. I was using one of his odd round brushes. He looked at my varnishing technique and commented that he had had that particular brush for 20 years and that I would never be able to keep a brush usable for 20 years. At the time the thought of it astounded me. It has proven true, of course, he was the craftsman, not me. For the paint, I finished up the topsides in dark Endeavor blue, the bottom in hard racing bronze with buff (later gull grey) inside.

A proper sea dragon needs a proper figurehead. During construction we didn't extend the top of the stem up to form a horn to hold the mooring line as shown on the plans. Instead, we ended it neatly just above the sheer. To this I fitted the figurehead, a tall carved and varnished mahogany seahorse. It was probably the best piece of work I had done on the boat. I still have it.

After painting her name, *Dragonfly*, on the port quarter, she was ready for launch. When we moved the hull and cradle onto the boatyard's big borrowed trailer, it was evident how awkward the deep keel made her to deal with when on land. Unlike the traditional faerings, which are usually kept ashore, this boat needed to be afloat. Accordingly, for the next eight years, she found seasonal dockage at Fairport Harbor, Mentor Harbor, Port Clinton (within range of the islands in the western part of the lake) and Hoover Reservoir (near Columbus).

Rowing and Sailing Characteristics

Once afloat, *Dragonfly* was a pleasure to use, with a few qualifications. Given her narrow waterline beam, around 3-1/2', and long waterline length she was easy and quick under oars. Any extra skin drag from the long keel and large rudder seemed to have little noticeable effect. Scrounging through the hardware at the boatyard, I'd come across a beautiful pair of old WC bronze detachable oarlocks that mounted flush atop the gunnels.

They had been in stock since before the then-owners took over the boatyard so their price was negotiable. With 7' oars, the only workable rowing position was from the center thwart. A second station from the forward thwart would have been handy, but the position was too close to the mast bench to allow a proper stroke. Didn't do much long distance rowing beyond the occasional couple of calm miles back to the harbor after the wind failed. Mostly we sailed, usually singlehanded.

Under sail, the long straight run of the garboards gave a good turn of speed on any sort of reach. This was the boat's best point of sailing. On a good beam reach, one of the



small, trim, arctic terns would sometimes ride the updraft from the lugsail. Close reaching towards the setting sun in a building westerly was a grand experience. I liked to think that even a Viking would have enjoyed it.

Broad reaching in strong winds, we could keep up with larger Dragon class sloops. The form of the hull was unsuited to planing but a degree of surfing was possible. Best conditions for this were on the second day of strong NE winds that had a fetch of half the length of the lake to build big waves. Once, broad reaching like this with the hull poised on the downward face of a following wave, stern just ahead of the breaking crest, and the bow

pressing hard into the trough of the preceding wave, it felt like no additional amount of force could make the hull move any faster. The bow strakes might give way, or the bow run under, but we couldn't go any faster.

Assuming that these waves were running about 40' crest to crest, the calculated wave speed ($1.34 \times \sqrt{L}$) comes out to have been about 8.5mph. This was also about the maximum towing speed (bow up, stern squatting) we felt comfortable using behind dad's 40' Mathews. For comparison, maximum displacement speed for the 14.75' waterline length of this hull was about 5.1mph.

On the wind, particularly with the original small 72sf standing lugs'l, the misplacement of the center of lateral resistance relative to the center of effort cursed the boat with a bit of lee helm and generally turned her into a dull slug. William Atkin did not stress this limitation in windward ability in the original *Motor Boating* article, although John Atkin mentioned the possibility later in the writeup that is now on their website.

I expected better based on informed sources such as *The Book of Old Ships* by Culver and Grant, where the description of the notorious, wickedly fast, French *Chasse Maree* stated, "Lugsails flattened like boards, these craft not only outpointed but outsailed..." I worked on the set of the sail, strong vang (with enough down force to break the first yard), tacking lines to the throat of the yard to allow the sail to always be set to leeward of the mast and flattened like a board, but without being able to change the relative positions of the centers, nothing helped much.

Additionally, the lee helm effectively negated any possible contribution of the large rudder area to the lateral plane. Further, the high freeboard, bow and stern, presented a great amount of adverse windage. This all wasn't much of a problem in calm waters with an offshore breeze. However, in really rough conditions, the boat, although superbly seaworthy and quick to pitch and rise to meet any wave, couldn't make good a course closer than 90° to the wind, irrespective of how high the hull was actually pointed.

On one occasion this made the problem of regaining the sheltered harbor we just left almost too challenging. Another limitation was that the windage of the hull, the lee helm, the limited drive from the small sail and the high directional stability due to the long keel made coming about an uncertain process. We often ended up "in irons," needing to sail backwards (which the boat was quite good at) or using an oar stroke to get onto the other tack.

After using the boat for a few years, I drew up a larger 115sf balanced lug sail on

12' spars to fit the existing mast. The boat builder's son made the sail as an experiment. His method of construction involved sealing the edges to the loft floor, inflating the sail from beneath using a vacuum cleaner and adjusting the curves and seams until it presented a good airfoil. As a result, it set beautifully, assuming a lifting parasail-like shape that almost flew. This larger sail put a bit more spirit into the boat and also moved the center of effort far enough aft to correct the lee helm.

Off the wind, on a run, the boat would roll hard. At anchor, the roll was sharp and quick so that you couldn't rest. Sure, the body plane sections showed slack bilges but that alone should not have caused so quick and violent a roll. The Norwegian faerings are also tender, but they don't try to toss the crew overboard.

I think the basis of the problem was that bar of lead at the bottom of the keel. It likely stiffened the boat too much by making the metacentric height different from that typical of the traditional faerings. Interestingly, Joseph Conrad, in *The Mirror of the Sea*, describes this effect. He, as the new first mate of the ship *Highland Forest*, stowed too much of the cargo too low in the hold and made his ship into a vicious roller during her three month voyage from Amsterdam to Java in 1887.

Like the Norwegian boats, the original steering arrangement involved a push-pull tiller acting on a cross arm from the rudder head. This cleared the mooring horn on the aft stem and allowed the helmsman some freedom of position. Perhaps, in the design of Valgerda, there was some mismatch in the relationship of the length of the cross-arm and the area of the large rudder, in the sense that the arm should have been longer, or the rudder blade narrower, or both.

The result was that, in use, I found the "push" direction worked OK but the "pull" direction required too much effort. This interfered with the feel of the boat under sail. After struggling with this arrangement for

several years, I sawed off the top of the stern horn and fitted a conventional tiller. The narrow beam of the hull aft limited the swing of the long tiller, but the large rudder didn't need to be deflected much to maneuver and the feel of the boat was much improved.

Another serious fault of Valgerda's design, and a good argument against using a traditional type outside of its native waters, was the low freeboard amidships. Minimum freeboard, as designed, was to be 1'1". This was in salt water. Lake Erie was fresh water. The hull floated deeper and had less freeboard. As a consequence, when hit by a good gust of wind, the boat wouldn't stiffen up until the lee rail was running under with a 1/2" thick sheet of water pouring in. Interestingly, I had warning of this possibility.

During construction, a Scot from the boatyard came over to view the hull. He allowed that they built a similar type of boat back home but that they generally made them one strake higher. Later research found this was commonly done on the Shetland Island boats derived from the faering design but intended for more open waters.

Summary

Why bother to write about events of 50 years past? Well, it makes for a pleasant excursion into nostalgia. More importantly, though, plans for Valgerda are still before the public and, from some web searching, boats are still being built from them. From my experience, the good qualities of *Dragonfly* were mostly attributable to the basic features of the traditional faerings, while most of the faults and limitations could be associated with the way this type was modified to derive Valgerda.

I sold the boat in 1968. If the subsequent owners stored her for the winter outside, under a tarp, I'd guess that she may have lasted another eight years or so before rot took hold around the garboards or along the top edges of the chine battens. Or, if she were stored in a barn and forgotten, she may be around still.

With preschoolers using iPads and family members retreating to separate rooms to watch TV, precious time with family and friends gets shorter and shorter. In a world of video games and tablets, The Balmain Boat Company has introduced a down to earth way for families to spend quality time together with build-it-yourself boats, designed for stressfree construction and years of family fun on the water.

The Balmain Boat Company's philosophy is that anyone, anywhere in the world, can build a boat. With the mission of making parents and grandparents look like legends,

Do-It-Yourself Boat Building Brings Families Together



each user friendly Balmain Boat kit comes flat packed, shipped to your door and ready to assemble in 42 pieces.

Rowboat and sailboat kits take approximately 16 hours to build, including drying time for adhesives and paint. The only required tools are a hammer, caulking gun and drill. Entry level sailboat or rowboat kits

are just under 8' in length and weigh less than 150lbs. For more ambitious families, the soon to be released Pilot model is approximately 15' long. Factory options include the fun of naming your boat and creating your own custom figurehead. All Balmain Boat Company boats are manufactured in Australia and are made from 100% sustainable and legal wood sources. US sales are cut and shipped from Ohio.

The Balmain Boat Company was founded by Nicole Still and Andrew Simpson, both of whom live in Australia. Raised in a do-it-yourself American family in Ohio, Still loved the idea of a company where people made things themselves by hand and created stories that could be passed down through generations. Simpson, who learned to sail when he was five, is an industrial designer with a longtime dream of making boating accessible to everyone.

The Balmain Boat Company is dedicated to making the world a better place. Each year, the company sponsors The Girl Effect, a non-profit foundation founded by Warren Buffett, whose mission is to give girls in Third World countries a chance at a better life. The company donated 5% of its profits in 2011.

For more information, please contact us at info@thebalmainboatcompany.com.





Splinter: An easy to stow and carry outrigger sailing canoe.



Disko Bay Qajaq: 17' West Greenland sea kayak.



Ruth: Unique 18' 45lb high performance rowing wherry.

The Rushston IGO: A classic 16' solo or family canoe (plans for traditional and non-traditional construction).



Dave Gentry's Boats

From Florida Maritime Museum
Courtesy Dave Lucas

Dave Gentry has been dreaming about boats since his parents were posting his nautical drawings on the refrigerator door. In the late 1980s Dave built his first boat without any plans and only a hazy idea of what was required and then taught himself to sail in it. He's been hooked on boat building and sailing ever since. While in grad school at the University of North Texas, he coached the university sailing team and also raced on his own, winning both state and national one design regattas. Since then he's embraced whitewater and sea kayaking, surfing, rowing and cruising, even living aboard his own boat while cruising the waters of the Pacific Northwest and British Columbia.

In 2006 Dave opened his own boat building shop and started building and designing skin-on-frame kayaks, canoes and unique conversions of historic boats. Using non traditional SOF construction, Dave has proven that many different types of boats, not just kayaks, can be built lighter, more easily and more affordably than with any other method. Dave currently lives in New Market, Virginia.

For more information visit <http://gentry-customboats.com/Home.html>.

Boardyak: Sit-on-top kayak or stand-up paddleboard.



Chuckanut 10, 12 and 12s Kayaks: Stable and comfortable recreational style kayaks.



Shenandoah Whitehall: 14' family rowing and sailing boat.

Chuckanut 15 Tandem: The perfect family boat, a stable 15' solo or double kayak.



DUCKWORKS BOAT BUILDER'S SUPPLY



Where trailersailors go for:

- **Standing Rigging**—cable, turnbuckles, thimbles, etc.
- **Sail repair**—palms, needles, twine, sailcloth.
- **Running rigging**—double braid, Spectra, docklines.
- **Hull repair**—epoxy, fiberglass cloth and tape, fillers.

www.duckworksbbbs.com



Bolger on Design

His Very First Column in MAIB

BOLGER JOINS "BOATS"

In this issue we begin bringing you a regular series of Phil Bolger's designs, just sort of "study plan" views of each with some of Phil's brief remarks on each. Phil says he has several hundred of these so that even at 24 a year they should last a long, long time; as long as reader interest is sustained.

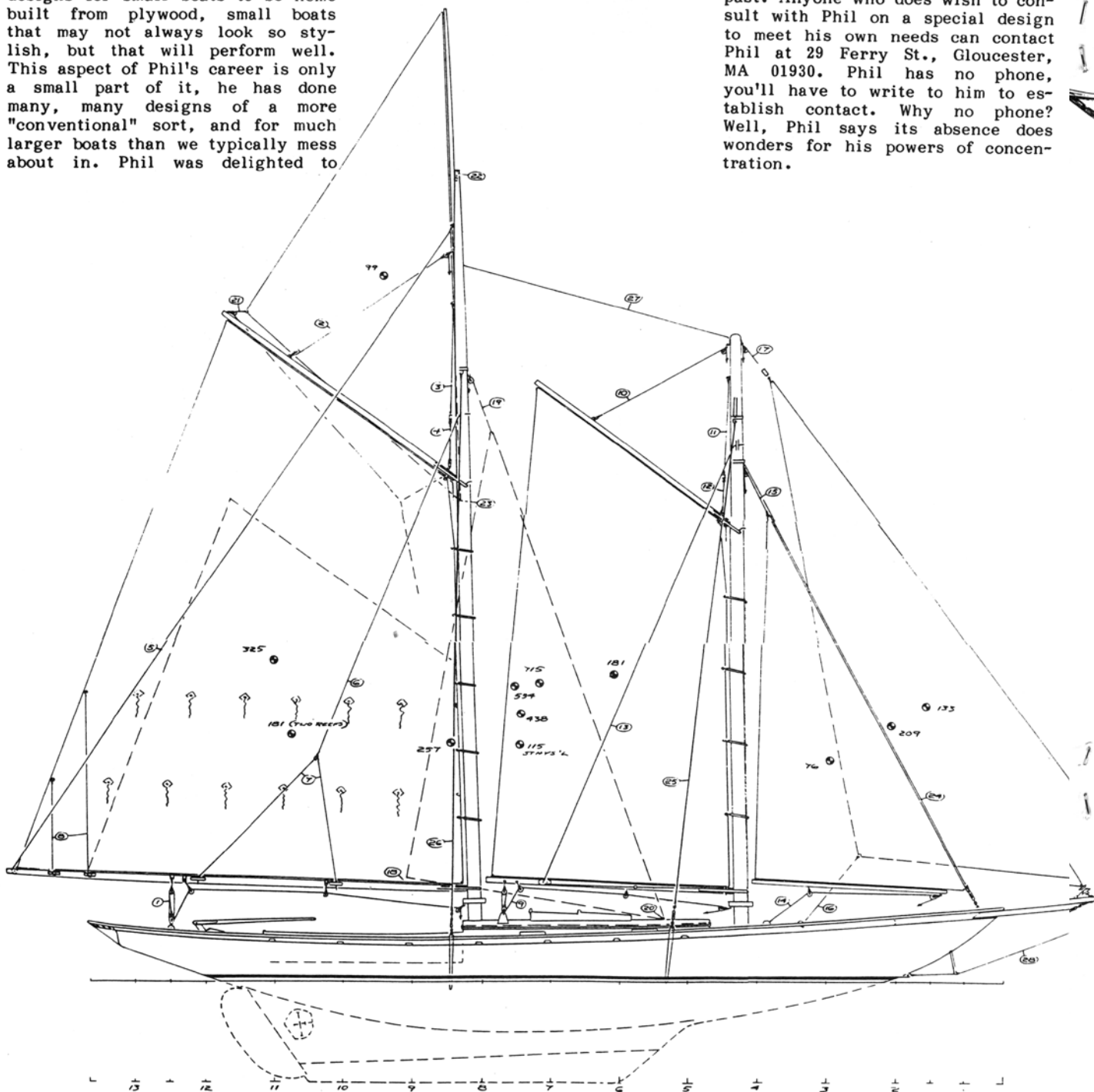
Phil's fame amongst many of us is for his championing simple designs for small boats to be home built from plywood, small boats that may not always look so stylish, but that will perform well. This aspect of Phil's career is only a small part of it, he has done many, many designs of a more "conventional" sort, and for much larger boats than we typically mess about in. Phil was delighted to

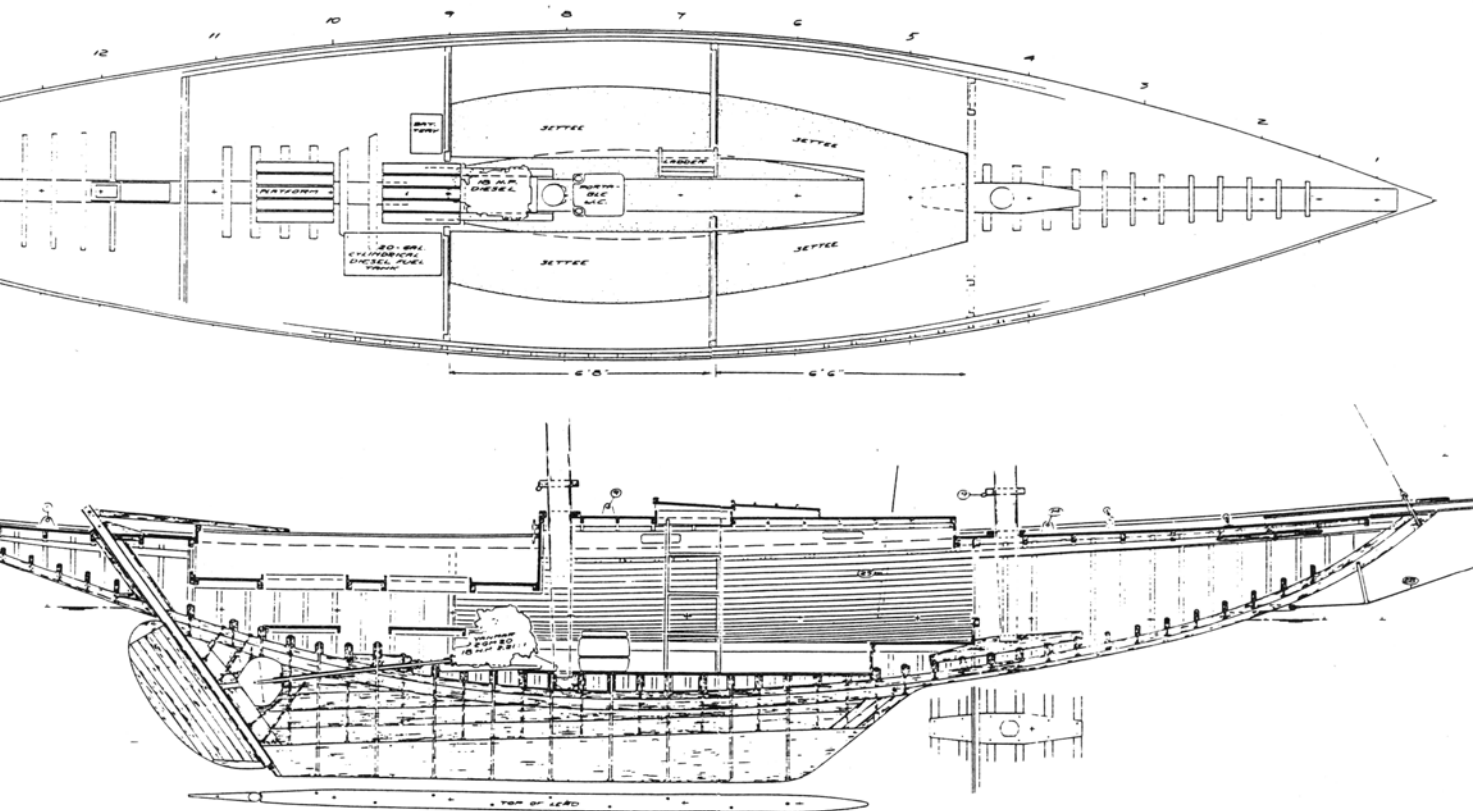
have this opportunity to show you some of these designs, along with mixing in as time goes on, many of his smaller craft, including not only the familiar "boxy" designs, but also some very graceful "traditional" appearing craft.

For the most part, "Bolger on Design" will be a single page in each issue, this centerspread of his

graceful 39' schooner is our way of introducing what we expect will be a very long running series of creative and unique ideas on boat design.

To dispel any misunderstanding right at the start, this is NOT the sort of thing Phil did in "Boat Journal", where he drew up a "cartoon" design in response to a reader inquiry. We will be seeing designs Phil has already done in the past. Anyone who does wish to consult with Phil on a special design to meet his own needs can contact Phil at 29 Ferry St., Gloucester, MA 01930. Phil has no phone, you'll have to write to him to establish contact. Why no phone? Well, Phil says its absence does wonders for his powers of concentration.





40' Day Racing Schooner

Brad Story and I thought up this day racing schooner #541, inspired by a design by Bowdoin Crowningshield. Brad made a half-model of it which can be seen at his shop in Essex, Massachusetts.

The scenario was that we would find four people in the Cape Ann area who would each take one

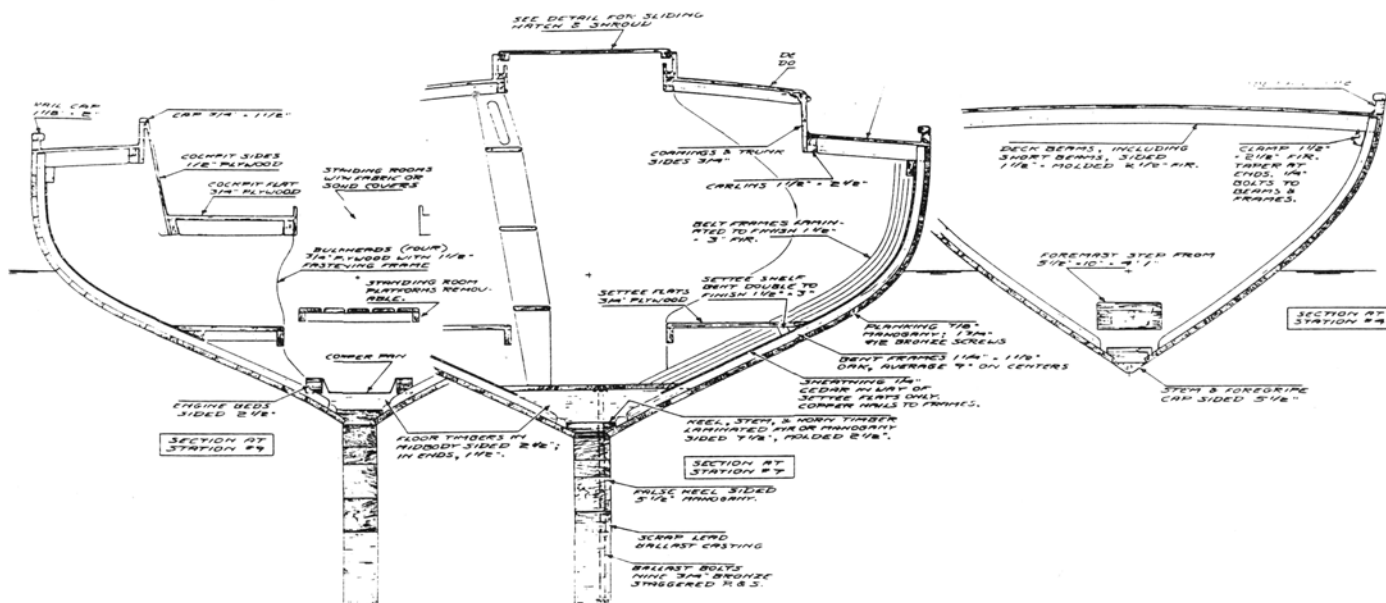
of the schooners at the then price of \$75,000 each. We would then get the Gloucester city council to let us place them on moorings off Pavilion Beach on the inner harbor, from where they would be raced in and out of the harbor summers, all for the edification of the tourists.

Racing crew would have been three to five each, but the schooner

was designed to take seven so that when the original owners became bored with them, they could continue racing with a professional skipper and six paying passengers/crewmembers.

So far, we have not found the first of the four sponsors.

(Next issue, an 8' "translucent" cedar planked pram.)



After playing musical boats and trailers, *Old Salt* is cooling her heels (literally) in storage and *Shenanigan* is back in the shop for wardrobe and makeup. And, after a concerted effort to not quite be able to fix, but completely dismantle, Big John, the 90hp motor with advanced emphysema has been sidelined.

Talk about a red haired stepchild. The guy at Ace Hardware only thought he matched the hull color with the cabin top color. Oh well, should float about the

Winter Doings

By Dan Rogers

Back in the Shop Again



same. Gonna foam the voids tonight, and glass the floor and transom in the next day or so. There are a few trim strips to make and stick on here and there. I've got the hawspipe and anchor roller just about invented for that giant tongue depressor out on the nose.

It's getting so warm and tropical, already, I'll be able to hold off on the windows, for now. Then, we'll be about ready for a float test. River's ice-free and the ramp is dry. Tally hooooo.....



Proud Papa Moment

Didn't tip over. Didn't sink. One of those "proud papa" moments and a characteristically goofy expression. Back into the shop for trim, paint and stuff like that there. Still working on the inboard engine setup. Not the fanciest boat I've built, by a long shot. But lots of unknowns nonetheless.



It's still only the middle of February but only yesterday the sun was out. Roads were clear, green lawns were even poking out here and there. The temperature rocketed up into the 40s. Yesterday I decided would be just about the only opportunity I was going to have to launch *Shenanigan* for a bit of a float test. Yesterday was a day for celebration, a celebration for quite a bit more than the simple fact that a boat floated on her expected lines. This is a boat whose hull came out of the mold the same year the iconic Diamonds went to the top of the pop music charts with *Little Darlin'*, the same year that GM spawned a back seat that spawned a generation, in fact. 1957. I had taken this half-century-plus-six years old 14' foot ski boat hull and plunked a rather long and kinda heavy cabin on it and called it a "1910 Commuter Launch" as a winter project, and set the proj-

The Back Story... Down the Creek Without a Paddle

ect aside to work on other boats and motors until the weather was more conducive for sea trials. Until yesterday.

Sam, the Math Genius, had taken my rather approximate measures of mass and buoyancy and turned out several pages of equations and algebraic scrawl. When I looked suitably impressed, and suitably nonplussed, he put it all in boat builder language with "it probably won't tip over." So it seemed appropriate to invite Sam along for the trial launch. And he agreed, with his best Carolina boy politeness, "Besides, I can take pictures for you. We'll need something to send to the newspaper, 'case it sinks...'"

Hey. I've backed hundreds of boat trailers down thousands of ramps all by myself and, so far, every boat that I ever slid into the water came back out in fine condition. Well, except that time that *Lady Bug* landed on her rudder. Other than that. I can do this stuff all by myself. No big deal. But it was a plus that Jim, the Best Trailer Backer in the World, was more than willing to come along. That way Sam could take pictures, Jim could do the trailer work and I'd be free to see if things worked out as well as Dan, the Boy Genius, had planned. And the part that I planned worked out as planned. It's the part that slipped through the cracks that almost mattered a whole lot.

Yesterday spring was just about, almost, kinda in the air, enough to get a fella to let his guard down a bit, maybe. As I cinched *Shenanigan* down on her assigned trailer, I kept

muttering, “there’s something I’m forgetting...” The lights worked. The hitch pin was pinned. The tie down straps were tied down. I even remembered to put the “duty license plate” on. Tools were stashed in the car, just in case. Just in case I’d need ‘em in the boat later. More on that later. But there was this nagging doubt. Oh, well. Couldn’t be all that important. We were just going to slip the boat into the water at the dock, maybe rock her back and forth a bit. Just stay at the dock tied up. Maybe start the motor, just to see if things were OK. But° just stay there at the dock, tied up.

So off we went to the little town of Priest River, Idaho, once the scene of epoch proportioned log drives. The mills there would receive incomprehensible mountains of saw fodder brought from far afield on streams that churn all the way from Montana and the Continental Divide, way off to the east. The Pend Oreille River is dammed up and channeled into a series of “managed” waterways and lakes now but there is still a considerable current. And one of those dams has a rather spectacular spillway just a couple miles downstream from the Priest River launch ramp.

But we were only going to launch and stay tied up. Just a test to see if she floated on her expected lines. And to make sure she didn’t tip right on over. After all, as Sam is quick to remind me, he’s an airplane guy. I’m the boat guy. He just codified my guesses and, perhaps, wishful thinking. But spring was in the air and we three “boys” were off on an adventure. What could go wrong? Maybe a clue. One side of the launch ramp was decidedly covered in ice, the side I planned to use, so we could work from the dock. Oh, well, I did have a change of clothes stashed in the car just in case.

Jim flawlessly backed car and trailer down the really steep ramp. I avoided skiing down the built up ice and off into the water on my heels, and teetered out on the too narrow plank U-bolts to the trailer tongue, a proactive measure to avoid unnecessary wading expeditions. After a few “back and check” stops *Shenanigan* was obviously floating. Sam had the mooring lines in one hand while snapping pictures with the other. This looks good, what could go wrong?

Well, Sam is an artist and he doesn’t just simply take pictures. Sam makes compositions. Of course, what I wanted was pictures of the whole boat, showing how the water line changed with different loading. But Sam wanted the light to be better and the focal length needed to shift away from the dock and we needed to twist off at more of a bow-on attitude. But hey, Sam did still have those mooring lines in his free hand. We’re not going far, just a little way off from the dock. Not real far, just to get the light right.

After a while Jim joined me in *Shenanigan*. We tried some conservative tipping, leaning and rocking. Still upright. Time to test fire the motor and then probably time to haul back out. Probably. *Shenanigan* has an unusually high transom and the only motor in my arsenal long enough to reach the water, is the ten-year old Nissan 8 horse. Mr Nissan has been with me for untold numbers of adventures. He pushed *Plum Duff*, a three-ton keelboat, all around SOCAL. He pushed *Old Salt* onto a plane when the 90hp Johnson pulled up lame. Always reliable and it wasn’t really a surprise when he fired off on

the first pull. It would be pretty cool to get some underway shots, too. Hey, the motor’s purring, there’s only a light breeze blowing, away from shore, the sun’s out. I’ll just stay in close to the dock and make some easy passes for Sam. You know, close to the dock. Not real far out.

One of the things I was forgetting, back during the loading phase earlier in the morning, was an extra life jacket. Odd. Jim didn’t look too disappointed when I figured I’d better do the “sea trials” solo. As soon as I headed out to line up for a camera pass the venerable Nissan sputtered and went silent. Well, it could happen to any of us, right? Hanging around in the garage all winter, probably just a little phlegm in his throat. Odd. The priming bulb on the gas tank didn’t seem to want to harden up. Squeezes OK, something not quite right though. But after a few of those traditional two-stroke starting rituals of choke, pull, pull, choke, prime, pull throttle, advance choke, pull, unchoke, Mr Nissan sputtered back to life and off we went. Sam was waving for a second pass. The wake was flattening out. The boat felt about level. The sun was out. First day on the water since we moved the docks to ice protected moorage just before freeze-up. Maybe a full throttle pass for the camera?

Quite suddenly the motor went very silent and refused all further entreaties. Maybe I’d better get to paddling back upwind before the current sets us on downstream. Paddle? OK, so you already have guessed. I have kayak paddles, I have canoe paddles, I even had a charged up deep cycle battery and electric trolling motor out where all the sailboat stuff is stashed. Right next to where the outboard motors get stored for the winter. Right next to where the boat gas tanks are stored. I do have lots of paddles. At home.

So it was obviously time for the Boy Scout to kick in. Really, no panic, just deliberate action. The fuel tank was obviously not dispensing its magic juice to the motor. Meanwhile that dock with Jim and Sam was getting quite a ways away. What are my options? About down to just one, get the motor running. Upon a quick inspection, I determined the fuel hose was only blowing air. Oh yeah, remember how I prudently brought tools for this possibility? Stashed carefully in the back of my car. And Boy Scout, or not, I almost never carry a pocketknife with me. I have a Leatherman but it never seems to be with me either. Yesterday, I did put a folding utility knife in my coat pocket, no mission contemplated, just in case. Had it been warmer during the launch sequence, that coat might have been tucked into the back of the car next to the tools, next to the dry clothes. You know, out of the way. After all, the sun was out and the boat was going to stay tied up at the dock. Not going anywhere. That was the plan. If you’ve ever tried to pull a stiff, cold fuel hose off a barbed fitting, you know the value of a pair of pliers. Like the pliers carefully stashed in my car.

I did have a Plan B of sorts, formulated while working steadily on Plan A. The town of Priest River has a bridge, a rather longish span runs from downtown across the main channel to the surviving log mill just downstream from the launch ramp. Trucks cross it constantly. I figured, if nothing else, I could hope to bang into it and, hopefully, get tied up there while I went back to working on Plan A. Oh yeah, I have anchors, lots of ‘em. *Shenanigan* even has an anchor “platform”

of sorts, almost done. Unfortunately, it sort of collided with the trailer winch. Not quite ready for final installation. And I’m not real sure where the anchor rode is, probably on the other boats. But things like this take a bit of imagining. No problem. The plan was just to launch and do a little tipping and rolling for the camera. That plan.

With Jim prudently left behind I was down to the knife in my pocket and the unlikely prospect of hand paddling a rather unwieldy raft closer to the bridge supports. I don’t think I’ve ever actually seen it but I’m told there’s a debris catching log boom just upstream from the spillway at the dam. The river is about a half mile wide and that light breeze had just about quit, leaving us in mid-stream at max current.

Cleopatra, Queen of Denial, was aboard that boat with me standing right there, someplace behind me muttering things like, “If Sam and Jim call the sheriff, you’re gonna be in a heap a trouble. No safety gear, no hull registration, no required carbon monoxide warning sticker, no invasive aquatic organism abatement permit, no anchor, no...” Sam was still on the dock, a mere speck. I wondered if he might still be taking pictures, something to document this with. You know, to document *Shenanigan*’s first, and possibly last, voyage. I was getting too far away to tell and I was kinda busy with the situation at hand.

But I didn’t think I could see the car and trailer still on the ramp. Did I mention that one of my long standing practices is to leave the keys in the car when leaving the trailer in or near the water? I’ve never had to rely on this notion, but I’ve always figured that if I get into trouble of some sort, and I have the keys in my pocket. Well, it’s sort of like putting the gas cap in my pocket UNDER my car keys to avoid a different kind of embarrassment.

Anyhow, Jim’s also a Boy Scout. When I didn’t look like I was headed for a happy ending, he jumped in the car and hyacco’d off to find a “paddle.” He swept by one of the lumber loading yards next to the incredibly potholed road that I had timidly piloted car and boat trailer through to get to the ramp an hour or so earlier and grabbed a hopefully suitable 1”x4” and sped on out to the bridge. Jim’s plan was brilliant in its simplicity. He was going to drive out onto the bridge, estimate my trajectory and drop the board, er, paddle to me as I swept on under. Quite a feat in and of itself.

Time to modify Plan A just a bit. Gas was, obviously, not getting to the motor, at least that was one leading theory. The other one? The motor was flooded and wouldn’t start until I got less gas to it. There’s a problem with cutting a fuel line. You can’t grow it back together, if you need to. Anyhow, that was about all I had left on my list of steps in carrying out Plan A. I didn’t know about Jim’s plan. But we weren’t quite to the point of crossing under that bridge yet.

The best part of building suspense in any sea story, is to be able to tell the conclusion in the first person. I decided to cut the fuel line. I stuck the pickup end into the gas tank and squeeze mightily on the bulb. Results! Mr Nissan roared, rather indignantly and quite heroically, back to life. We headed directly back to the ramp. Sam was still there but he didn’t seem real interested in taking more underway pictures. Me neither. Thanks Sam. Quick thinking Jim. Don’t ever leave home without a paddle Dan!

Ed (Sonny) Davis of Seal Cove on the western shore of Maine's Mt Desert Island builds wooden boats in the traditional manner, small ones, mostly dories, one at a time and whatever type that happens to interest him at the time. Usually before a boat is finished a buyer has turned up. When he isn't earning his way thus, Ed does other things such as building a log house for a neighbor who saw the house Davis built for himself and his young family five years ago.

Early in 1978 Ed came up with another idea for earning his way, an idea for passing on his interest in wooden boat building to enthusiastic novice builders, or would-be builders. Ed suggested to John Gardner that, if response warranted, he'd run a two week summer workshop on building a simple lap-strake dory skiff. Limitations on space and his own ability to adequately supervise and guide the participants suggested six as a limit. Within two weeks of mention of the workshop in Gardner's "Comments Here and There" column in *National Fisherman*, Ed had six applicants signed up with their \$10 deposits paid. With a figure of \$250 for

Getting started is the big job in one's first boatbuilding project. Above, the bottom serves as a workbench; below, bottom rocker is set by ceiling braces.



Building a 2-Week Skiff

They were novices willing to plunk down cash to learn how to plank a boat. It was worth the effort.

Story and photos by Bob Hicks

(Editor Comments: In my March issue "Commentary I mentioned my first effort at boatbuilding at a boat building course in Maine in 1977, which resulted not only in a boat I brought home but also my first published writing about messing about in boats in the introductory issue of *Small Boat Journal*. Thinking back on this experience stimulated my going into the archives and unearthing that article which I decided to bring to you herewith).

the course, which would include the completed skiff each would build, the \$10 deposit turned out to be a mistake.

On August 7 four would-be boat builders arrived in Seal Cove. Two others failed to show and, because they failed to notify Ed early enough, he was unable to invite several replacements from a waiting list that had accumulated. Ed, a bit ruefully, admitted to being just a boat builder, not a businessman. If there was a next year, he'd have to work out a better way to confirm his participants because he'd bought stock for six skiffs.

The four aspiring builders found themselves in a creaky old barn in Seal Cove fitted out with a few new electrical outlets, a bandsaw, table saw, a wall bench and a pile of pine boards and oak slabs. The four included a doctor, an engineering consultant, an insurance salesman and a magazine editor. Their ages ranged from early 30s to early 50s. None had built a wooden boat before. All had some experience with wood-working tools. All had read a good deal about dory building, including Gardner's latest book. Could these four men on their summer holidays actually build themselves their first boats in ten working days?

Ed's program was hardly a formalized one. He wasn't certain just how he'd accomplish his goal, or even if he would. Maybe it just wouldn't work out, it would depend a lot on the participants. Since it was a workshop, Davis soon had the four at work. With only ten days, 80 hours, he did not plan on any instruction in design or lofting, but instead had at hand necessary patterns made up from masonite and a small scale lines drawing for reference. It was to be hands-on right from the start and Monday found the four laying out pine boards for bottoms and cutting oak up into pieces for frames. Davis circulated constantly, keeping each going as any question arose, but it soon became obvious that the members of this quartet had a pretty good idea of how to do each task as soon as Davis outlined it and got them underway.

It was an 8-to-5 operation with an hour off for lunch, just like a working boatshop.

The only unusual aspect might be that this shop crew turned up for work early and hated to quit. As the first week progressed the bottoms were laid out and cleated, frames were cut and lapped and riveted. Transoms were laid out and cleated and nailed to knees, and stems were cut and beveled, then fitted to the bottoms. Soon finished bottoms were upside down over sawhorses and braced from convenient ceiling beams to the rocker desired. The first week concluded with the garboards going on. The four were not all moving along exactly together, but all had gotten garboards in place by week's end. It began to look as if the workshop was going to make it.

The second week opened with planking up the main job at hand. Now the fairly simple carpentry was behind and the more arcane art of lining out planking faced the novice builders. For some this was the key to the workshop, the reason for making their first boat building attempt in this format with guidance from a knowledgeable builder. Boat building books and articles often get a bit hazy when it comes to lining out planking, and actually getting to do this with direction, even on so simple a skiff as was being built, was going to help a lot in boosting confidence for further building efforts later. Week number two was to be the real payoff for the investment of \$250 and a summer vacation.

Now one of the charms of wooden boat building made itself evident, for Davis encouraged each to determine just how he would plank up, establish sheer line and plank widths. He explained how cutting a curve into the plank edge would affect the lines of the planking and how the proportional plank widths would appear in the finished boat. The novices went to work and shavings began to pile up ankle deep on the creaky old barn floor. Differences would now appear in each boat, for one builder chose to build up with straight edges and cut a curve only on the top of the sheer. With quite a lot of rocker, it worked out. The others chose varying amounts of curve in the broad and sheer strake edges and achieved varying results in final sheerline and lap lines.

Late in the second week all four skiffs were completely roughed out, planking completed, with only one or two errors in planking layout requiring some adjusting to fit. The four boats, all built from the same set of patterns, measured out at varying lengths, widths and depths. The lengths varied from 10' to 10'3". The widths varied from 36" to 39". The depths midships ran from 11" to 13". Sheer lines of course varied, with the 12" generally agreed upon as most pleasing. The workshop had reached a point where it could be considered a success.

The final days saw sanding, and then caulking seams on the bottoms and transoms, then the detail work topside, fitting breast-hooks, seat rails and transom corner knees. Four wooden boats would be ready to travel home with their builders to be finished off and painted as each chose.

Ed Davis was all smiles, for his notion that such a workshop would work had proven out. Four pretty pleased novice builders were all smiles, for it had been a totally absorbing experience and many mysteries of the boat building art had revealed themselves as being simply logical successions of specific tasks that achieved the desired final result. It had been a different sort of summer vacation and a very fulfilling one. There's something about working on your first boat that's irresistible.

Well, the boats built were only simple lapstrake dory skiffs, but the difficult hurdle of just getting started on boat building was now behind for four enthusiastic novices. John Gardner often urges would-be novice builders to "just begin." That's tough to do for some and Ed Davis stepped into this with his workshop and it worked. Because of his initiative there are four men now a lot more confident of their abilities to go on to something perhaps a bit more complex in boat building on their own. And because of their ability to respond to the guidance of an experienced builder, Davis now plans to hold another such workshop in the summer of '79, with minor changes learned from this first experience.

At right: Two weeks can seem like a pretty short time when you're on your first boat project. But the bottom photo shows, from left, successful boatbuilders Sam King, Bob Hicks, Pete Quinn and Sam Chapin.

Epilog 2013

Sam King went on to be the editor for many years of *The Ash Breeze*, journal of the Traditional Small Craft Association. I, of course, launched *MAIB* five years later in 1983. I've lost track of Pete Quinn but Sam Chapin has been a long time subscriber to *MAIB*.

Ed Davis went on to build a replica of *Spray* and cruised the New England coast in her as a traveling gallery for his paintings.



Quality Restoration and Repair



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009
www.southportislandmarine.com

We want to let everyone know about who we are, what we stand for. I am Robert Sanberg and with my father, Dean, we run WindRider. Our adventure with WindRider started about six years ago when Dean was visiting Belize. Walking along the beach he came across a unique looking boat sitting on the beach. While he had sailed catamarans when he was younger, he had never seen a boat like that one on the beach before. He spent some time looking at it, but didn't have a chance to sail it and put it out of his mind.

A few weeks later he was back in Minnesota and at a cocktail hour. He began small talk with a gentleman and it came up that he had just been in Belize. Well, the older gentleman, Don Maxwell, commented that he had recently taken a boat down to Belize and explained that he owned a sailboat manufacturing company called WindRider. They began talking about the boat that Don had brought to Belize and Dean had seen. Dean, coming from a marketing background, thought it was a super interesting product and had a lot of potential. They agreed to stay in contact.

Dean and Don met a number of times over the next few years discussing how they could work together, but never could reach a deal. In January of 2010, Don called Dean to find out if he was still interested in WindRider. Dean and I talked about it and agreed that we would purchase the company and in May of 2010 we took over the operation of WindRider.

People often ask why we got into the sailing business when neither of us would have called ourselves "sailors." But that is the reason we became so passionate about the product, we weren't sailors and yet could sail the WindRider. It allowed us to experience the joy of sailing without being concerned about capsizing or trying to figure out a tiller (my first experience on a Sunfish wasn't the best, but that is a different story).

What we stand for is this, we want people to be able to enjoy the water in a way that is easy, safe and fun without the need for a gas engine. We want people to look at sail-

WindRider Who Are We?

By Robert Sanberg
www.windrider.com



ing as something they can participate in, not something that is too complicated or difficult.

Choosing a Sailboat What WindRider Customers Look Like

By Robert Sanberg

WindRider surveys owners and prospective owners to find out who is looking at our boats and who are buying them. We surveyed 400 owners and here are some of the interesting stats:

Over 35% of buyers have less than one year sailing experience.

The second largest group of buyers were those with 20+ years of sailing experience.

38% haven't owned a sailboat before.

69% found the near inability to capsize

the boat as a key factor in their decision on a WindRider.

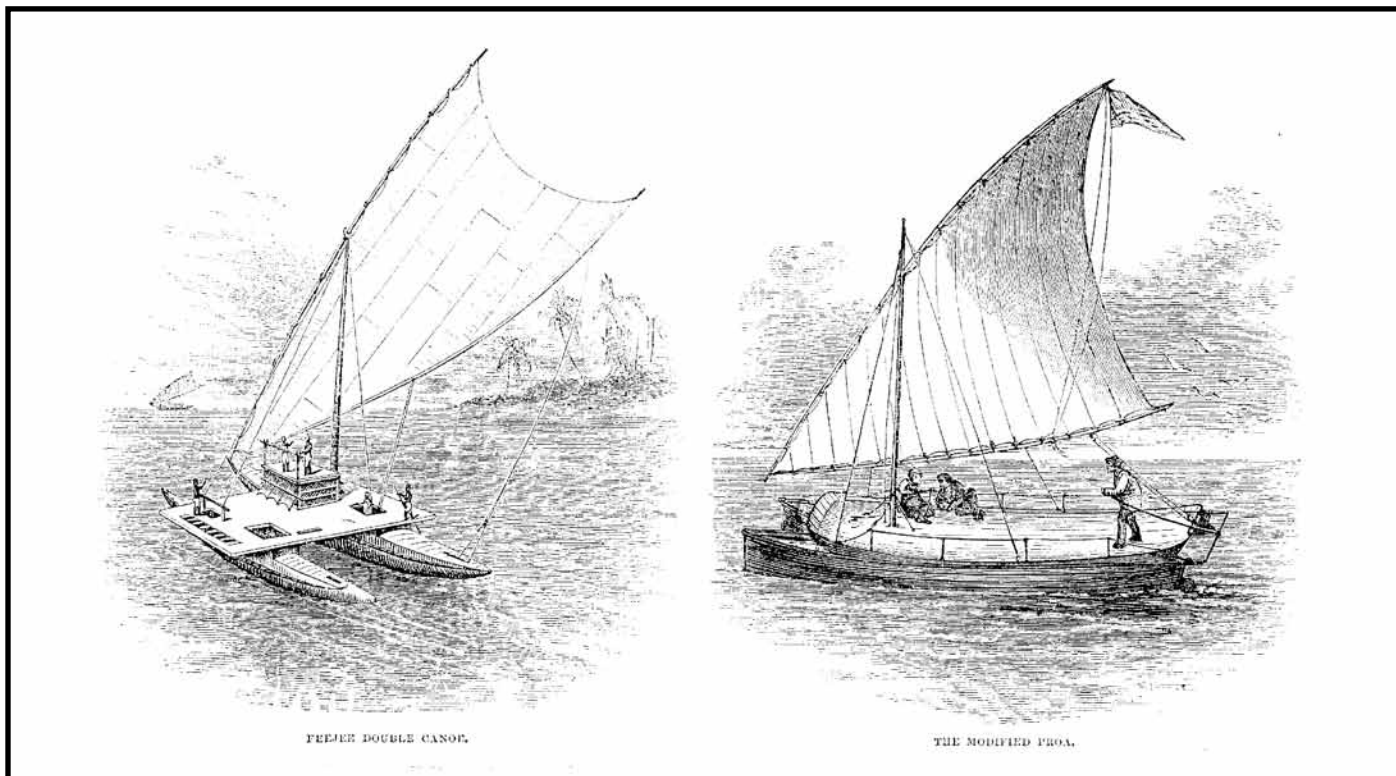
82% indicated that the peace of sailing is what they enjoy most about sailing.

So what does this mean? It excites us that our boat is reaching the people who are looking for a boat that is comfortable, easy to sail, fairly fast and extremely stable, those for whom it was designed. Having two very distinct groups does pose a dilemma for us. People who are new to sailing are not typically running in the same circles as those who have been sailing for 20+ years.

On the positive side, we are excited to introduce more people to sailing. With industry statistics showing that the number of sailors being fairly flat in the US for the past ten years, we continue to ask ourselves how we can get more new people in our boats. We want to end the idea that sailing is difficult, scary and elitist.

With 38% having not owned a sailboat before, we need to keep things simple. This means being careful using jargon in our manuals and advertising materials and working to explain the physics of sailing (to the best of our abilities, which doesn't say much). It also means that we need to get people into our boats. Nothing about a WindRider trimaran looks or performs in the way that sailing is portrayed. Our boats don't heel much, you don't use a tiller, you are sitting down facing forward in a cushioned seat. You have to experience a WindRider to fully understand the concept and why it is such an amazing product.

Stability is at the core of our products. This more than any other reason is why people choose WindRider trimarans. When you are new to sailing, you don't want to unexpectedly capsize and when you have been sailing for a long time, pitchpoling is no longer fun. So go enjoy more days on the water with one of our trimarans. As a company, you will see us providing more on the water sailing experiences, we hope that our owners will also help us introduce WindRider trimarans, and sailing, to new owners.



The Catenate Project

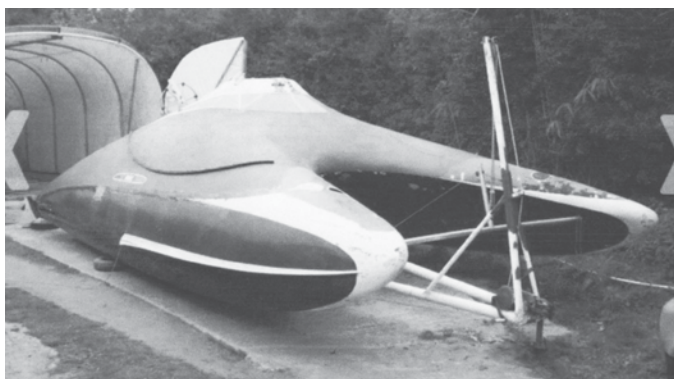
By Rob Russell
roberttrussell8128@gmail.com

Catenate is a unique sailing craft conceived in the late '50s and built during the '60s. Postwar England was relaxed in the "never had it so good era" and the period progressed with a proliferation of art, music and scientific advances. Within science a boom in so called "blue sky thinking" became apparent with individuals and corporations alike. Leslie Tucker, an aeronautical engineer by training, was one of these individuals who caught this mood. He conceived and created a craft inspired by nature and his own in depth research and unique interpretation of it. The conceptual craft was designed to attain new levels in speed and distance sailing. It was designed to be both a competition craft and a touring vessel.

Catenate has, until recently, remained behind closed doors. Although we currently do not understand all the possibilities that Catenate holds within her, research is looking positive and progressing with the deliberate intent of keeping the craft true to her design objectives. We are confident that the skills and interpretation of form exhibited in other areas by Leslie Tucker would not have seen this craft progress to this nearly complete stage without his conviction that the craft could literally fly. She certainly looks that way and from a close personal encounter she is inspiring and captivating for all who see her.

Catenate represents a forgotten branch of sailing hull design only seen in this one craft that possibly will be seen to rival the works and craft created by Mr Bernard Smith. The unique hull design of Catenate originates from many hours spent by Leslie Tucker researching the sand dune forms seen on the deserts of the world, similarly the sail or wing on Catenate is the result of long periods spent observing the flight patterns of birds of prey and the manner in which they harness the energy and thermal lift of the wind. Further effort was also expended observing the manner in which sharks and marine mammals move so effortlessly and efficiently through the water.

Catenate is the result of these studies on nature and landform, she is essentially a boat of two halves, one that captures the winds and one that spills it effortlessly. But there is a third important aspect, being the foils and fins, which provide lift for a unique "point and go" ability to sail directly into the wind.



Family Owned
& Operated
since 1953

Glen-L Marine Designs 60 Years Serving Boatbuilders Worldwide

- 300 Exceptional Boat Designs
 - Row/Power/Sail
 - 5-ft. to 55-ft.

Full-sized patterns & detailed phase-by-phase instructions enable anyone to fulfill their dreams

SPECIAL OFFER

- 288-page Book of Boat Designs
 - Free Dinghy Plans
 - Free Shipping

Send just \$9.95 to address below



"Not in my wildest dreams could I imagine this when I started the boat"
—Bob

I will NEVER build another boat unless it's a Glen-L design."
—Kevin



"Your plans for the Amigo are remarkable. Very complete & accurate."
—Mark



Glen-L Marine • 9152 Rosecrans Avenue/MA •
Bellflower, CA 90706 • 888-700-5007
Online Catalog: Glen-L.com/MA

When I last left you with my Mini Slipper project, I had mentioned that not all of the forms seemed to fit the fair curve line. I had been letting them float and this nearly got me into trouble.

As I continued stripping up the sides the strips on several forms both fore and aft began to get farther away from the forms. I had to get them back at least close but not all at once. The staples that hold the strips to the forms didn't even reach to the forms so another system had to be used.

I made some plywood pieces with notches cut into them. These could be used with a small C clamp to pull the strips and hold them anywhere I wanted. The dark colored one in Photo 1 was an old one from earlier jobs. I tried using them and decided to make some new ones with the slot cut at a 45° angle. These worked very well as it was much easier to hold them in place and work the clamps. Photo 2 shows how they work. With each strip I could begin to pull the strips back into place a little at a time.

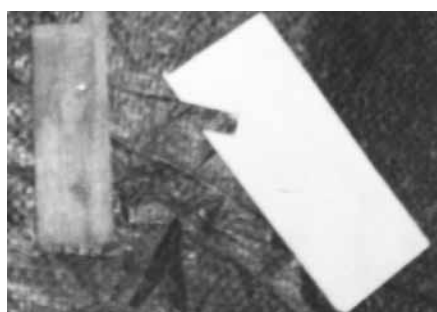


Photo 1



Photo 2

Up to this point I had been using full length strips. On every boat that I have built I have reached a point where it gets harder to bend the strips around the shape of the forms, so I have developed a system that really works great. Look at Photo 3. This shows what I am going to try to explain.

Photo 3



I go to either end and use a short strip and clamp it to the end piece and run it for a short distance to a point where it wants to go over the side rather than bend. At this point



By Mississippi Bob

I use a spring clamp to hold the strip to the one that it crosses. With a pencil I draw a line on the inside of that strip showing where it crossed over.

I remove the clamps and carry this piece to my table saw and cut it slightly full leaving the line and some extra, then I take it back and try it out. Usually just a few swipes with my small block plane and it will set perfectly into place. Photo 4 shows the tools that I use to do all this fitting. I have a Workmate work bench that gets used a lot for this and a lot of other jobs. It holds these narrow strips very well while I plane them down with a very small but sharp modeler's block plane, also shown.



Photo 4

There is no right way to strip a canoe. I have one rule about this. I try to keep things symmetrical. I do the same thing to both sides. In this case I went around all four corners doing the same thing on each end also. Photo 5 shows this operation in progress. I had to use my clamping jigs to pull the strips into place where they didn't touch the forms. In this case I was able to end up with a nice straight run from the stems towards the center of the boat. The moving water should like that.

Photo 5



Photo 6 shows the herringbone pattern that is developing. As the end strips approach the center of the hull I began to add strips in the center area to build up the sides. Anything goes, just remember to keep it symmetrical. This system is great as I can use up a lot of short pieces that I have created and also some longer ones that had knots in them.

When I had four corners laid on this way I reached the top of the end pieces. Time to think about a keel. Actually, I laid two keel strips, one on either side of the actual center line. They got beveled a lot near the ends and only a little near the center. This beveling allows the strips to form a V at entry and exit but a much rounder shape amidships.



Photo 6

I expanded on the keel using progressively shorter strips until I reached the point shown on Photo 6. At this point I began again with the diagonal strips creating a herringbone along the bottom planking. I now went around and around the opening on both sides as I closed up the remaining bottom. I fitted in some 2" planks, mostly for looks. Now the bottom is closing up fast with a lot of short pieces. This is shown in Photo 7.



Photo 7

Photo 8 shows the last piece being installed. It is little more than a sliver but it must go in. We are now down to quite short pieces so I don't worry if I screw up my first try. Use the mistake as a pattern and try again. I now have something that actually looks like a boat but it is rough and full of staples. I will get back on where I go from here.

Photo 8



The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

“New England Whaler’s Cup” Annual Apprentice Indoor Regatta

At midwinter, apprentices and friends enjoyed a unique sailing board game of skill and luck while learning points of sail and regatta rules. To enter, each apprentice was required to build a boat model as a playing piece. The Cup, an Apprenticeshop heirloom acquired at yard sale by former Executive Director Eric Stockinger and christened the New England Whaler by its maker, is the prize, which the annual winner keeps until the following year’s regatta.

This year, the Cup was taken by Nathan Levig, 11-year-old son of staffer Sandee Havunen, in a surprise upset that rocked the confidence of his elder opponents. Off from sixth grade on chance snow day, Levig took the board by storm, soaking the competition in the model Herreshoff Cutter abandoned last year by graduate Jeff Steele. Deemed “Lucky Levig” by his long faced adversaries, the youngster was grateful to have the guidance of departing instructor Brian McClellan in one of his final acts of tutelage on his last day at The Apprenticeshop.

Apprentices Brad Mertins, Bridget Jividen and Chris Konecky conspire in vain to overcome Lucky Levig.



Levig poses with fellow staff child Kate Kemper, his trophy and the craft that took it.

Levig paraded his winner’s Cup at the well-attended farewell potluck held that night in McClellan’s honor, while green-eyed apprentices attempted to hide their disappointment and disparagement.



Winter Shop Work in Buffalo

By Roger Allen

In early February in the shop we’re doing three 15’ Buffalo Harbor Ferries, two flat iron skiffs, one 24’ War of 1812 bateau, a replica Old Town 12’ dinghy, final finishes to a Penobscot 17, two Lyman powerboat restorations, one 18’ power dory, and repairs to our 28’ electric (fantail) launch and 27’ Lake Erie shallop, and a varnishing job to our canoe club’s 25’ war canoe. We’re also renovating our model shop. 20° outside and a foot of snow on the ground.




1812 Bateau.



Electric fantail launch *Electra*.

Lake Erie shallop *Scajaquada*.





BOATHOUSE

MAAS ROWING SHELLS
AB INFLATABLES
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
HONDA OUTBOARDS
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930

At one of our chapter's monthly meetings in 2012, Paul Gray gave a grand talk about the Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race. Paul participated in the race with his Friendship Schooner *Quintessence*. As I recall, George Loos, a member of the audience, asked Paul why he picked the name *Quintessence* for his boat. Paul said that when he acquired the boat it already had the name. He thought that it fit the boat so he kept it the same.

I had two thoughts after hearing Paul's explanation. My first thought was that I was unsure of the definition of the word quintessence. The second was why do we choose the names we do for our boats? The first of my two questions was easy to answer. When I arrived home that night I pulled out my copy of the Oxford American Dictionary and looked up quintessence. I found that one of the definitions perfectly described Paul's boat, "a perfect example of quality." Concerning my second question, I decided to do a little sleuthing and ask some of our members why they chose to name their boats as they did.

Paul Skalka owns a 14' Cape Dory Handy Cat named *Red Molly*. Paul explained that *Red Molly* is a character in a song written by singer/songwriter Richard Thompson. The title of the song is "1952 Black Vincent." Paul said he has been a fan of Richard Thompson for many years and the song is one of his all time favorites.

Phil Maynard has a brother-in-law who owns an 18' aluminum StarCraft boat with an 88hp outboard. The name of the boat is *IDGARA*. Curious name until Phil explains further. The meaning of *IDGARA* is, "I Don't Give a Rats Ass!"

Ron Gibbs built a beautiful, award winning six meter Luna Class boat which he named *Seven Stars*. Ron related that he picked *Seven Stars* because that was the term the ancients used for the planets or wandering stars that determine their fate. Additionally, Ron became aware of a passage from the Shakespeare play, *King Lear*, that refers to the name of his boat. In Act I, Scene V, the Fool asks, "The reason on why the seven stars are no more than seven?" Lear answers, "Because they are not eight." The Fool responds, "Yes indeed. Thou wouldst make a good Fool." Ron became aware of this passage when Jacob Bronowski used it many

What's in a Name?

By Frank Stauss
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

years ago in his powerful TV miniseries and book, *The Ascent of Man*. He discussed the uncertainty inherent in all knowledge and the tolerance that it requires, berating Hegel for "absolute truth" through reasoning. Hegel had published a dissertation "proving logically" that there could not possibly be more than seven planets. The planetoid Ceres was discovered before the ink was dry on his dissertation. Bronowski then pointed out that Hegel also made a good fool.

Carl Weissinger built a Melonseed some time back that is a real beauty. One of the original uses for the Melonseed design was as a duck hunting boat. After sailing it for a season or two Carl decided that it did not meet his needs and sold it to Mike Wick. Lucky Mike. Carl did a rethink on the Melonseed idea and built one smaller than his original. The new 13'6" Melonseed fits his needs perfectly and he is very happy with it. The new boat name is *Reducks*. The Latin term "Re" means "concerning." So *Reducks* means "concerning ducks."

Carl's most recent build is a 16' New York Bay Sloop and pre-sandbagger. He reduced its original design by one-quarter. Carl named the boat *Baguette*. *Baguette* is a French name for a type of bread. Very tasty bread, I might add. The end of the word *baguette* is ette. "Ette" is a diminutive suffix. So *Baguette* means "little bagger." Carl said he had a lot of fun choosing names for his boats. It's brought out the poet in him.

John Smith sails a Swiftly 15 by the name of *ASRYDA*. The name combines the first two letters of the names of each of his grandkids, Ashley, Ryan and David. John said that he was very glad that they were born in the order that they were.

Intrepid sailor John Depa sails a 19' West Wight Potter. John explains the name of his boat, "My West Wight Potter, *Jitterbug*, was named by her previous owner. He was a rather creative individual who spent a great deal of time and money designing a letter font that reflects the name. Initially, I intended to re-name her something more "manly" until my daughters pointed out how appropriate a name it is. They reminded me that I still turn heads at social gatherings when dancing the jitterbug and that the boat would emulate those bugs that seem to jitterbug across the surface of the water. My dance steps have slowed down considerably but *Jitterbug* still scoots in and around shallow water coves while gunkholing." I can't wait for our next gathering that John attends. I am sure that there will be a few requests to see him dance the jitterbug.

When not sailing off to faraway places John also races a 17' sailing canoe. John said that he built his first ACA canoe from a 17' fiberglass hull. He had previously raced with an old Grumman aluminum canoe that he managed to capsize or crash almost every race. His goal with the new canoe was to avoid both mishaps. Because of that intention he named his canoe *Upright Sailor* since he intended to remain "upright" and it is certainly "upright" to avoid racing collisions. He reports that unfortunately he has not lived up to the name 100% of the time.

I could have written a separate article about Mike Wick, his boats and their names. There have been so many and I would suspect more to follow. In the interest of brevity Mike chose to talk about the following. First on the list was a Steve Redmond designed Whisp rowboat. *Ponto* is the boat's name. "Ponto" was the name of a lion that ate a little boy in Hillaire Belloc's book of poetry, *Cautionary Verses*. Second, Mike has a Roger Allen designed Cortez Melonseed. Mike picked *Moggie* for this boat. "Moggie" is a British slang term for an alley cat, also for the Morris Minor automobile. Next comes a John Brady designed Melonseed Cat, built by our own Carl Weissinger. Mike chose *Pepito* as the moniker for this beautiful boat. *Pepito* is Spanish for pumpkin seed which is an alternate term for melonseed. Fourth (in case you are keeping track) is a Phil Bolger designed Gypsy. The name given to this boat is *Bluestocking*. "Bluestocking" is a British term for a literary lady, or a woman who interferes in other peoples business. Last but not least is a Joel White designed Haven 12 1/2. Mike christened this boat *Jackaroo*. The name is the nickname of Jean's (Mike's wife) latest grandchild, Jack Dempsey.


Finally we come my fleet. The flotilla begins with a 14' Compass Classic Cat which I named *Wind Dancer*. I picked the name for this boat two years before I bought it. For those with a good memory, you might recall a television program from the early 90's, "Home Improvement." One night I watched the credits after the show ended and saw that Wind Dancer Productions had produced the show. Great name for a sailboat. I jotted it down and kept it in a safe place until I bought the cat.

The first boat I built was an 11' Shellback dinghy. I chose *Sugar* as the name, after my wife Mary. If you know Mary you understand. Next is a 19' Weekender. I had the name for this boat picked out long before I decided to build it. Many of you know that I am a retired police officer. I put in 25 years, five months and six days on the job. Not that I was counting. I chose a police term *Quiet Time* as the name for this boat. "Quiet time" refers to that time in the early morning usually between 4 and 5am when we could sit back, take a breath and relax. Sort of like sailing. Next is my Core Sound 17. I named this boat *Wild Rover*. *Wild Rover* is an Irish song that is one of my favorites. Mary and I have sung this tune many times in an Irish bar in Falmouth, Massachusetts. Good memories.

I am now in the process of building a 14' Deer Isle Koster. The building process is going slow, but that's fine. No hurry. As many of you know there are a great many decisions to be made when building a boat. One choice has been made on this boat as I am 90% sure what its name will be. Finding the right name for your boat in my view is lots of fun. Sometimes a lot of thought, sometimes hardly any thought at all go into making the right choice. And the name of the Koster? You will have to wait. I could change my mind.

About Our Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Frank Stauss is a member of the Delaware River Chapter of the TSCA. The Chapter meets the first Tuesday of each month at the Red Dragon Canoe Club, Edgewater Park, New Jersey. The meetings are open to all. Anyone wanting information should contact Frank Stauss at fstauss@verizon.net.



Columbia Trading Co.

Nautical Books & Artifacts

Free Mail Order Book Catalog • On-line Shopping
Cape Cod Store Open Year 'Round

We Buy Maritime and Naval Book Collections

1022 Main St. (Route 6A), West Barnstable, MA 02668
508-362-1500 • Fax: 508-362-1550
info@columbiatrading.com

www.columbiatrading.com



Custom Small Boats



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.



Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

Builders & Restorers

C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.

15 Wiley's Corner Rd. St. George, ME 04860
207-372-8543

Custom Wooden Boat Building & Restoration



10/6" Yacht Tender Elegant

E-mail woodboats@msn.com

Blog

<http://blackguillemot.wordpress.com/>

Hansen & Company Builders of Practical & Impractical Boats

Gloucester Gull Dories & Other Small Boats
www.hansenandcompany.blogspot.com
Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehansen@myfairpoint.net
Spruce Head, ME 04859

Anest Yachts Inc

Custom Classic & Traditional Boats
Huntington, Long Island, NY
(516) 457-5083
www.AnestYachts.com



Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

Proud Builders of Arey's Pond Catboats



14' Cat - 16' Lynx Cabin
16' Lynx Open - 16' Launch
18' Daysailer
20' Cruising Cat
21' Launch

Traditional Elegance
All boats built to the highest standards.
Hulls are wood or fiberglass with
teak or mahogany trim.
Solid bronze hardware,
Sitka spruce spars.

Brokerage Boat Sales
APBY Sailing School
Mooring Rentals and Storage

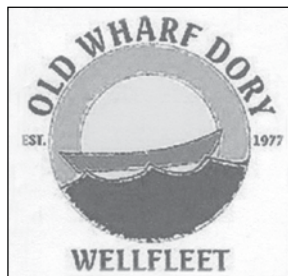
Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
www.areyspondboatyard.com

(607) 547-2658

Tom Krieg's Boat Shop

(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
Cooperstown, NY 13326

Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging



Wooden Boats Built to Order

Row, Power, or Sail - Phil Bolger Designs
Bare Hulls, Complete Boats
Lumber Yard Skiff Plans,
Shoal Draft Our Specialty
Check Out My Website

www.oldwharf.com

Or Give Me a Call at (508) 349 2383

Walter Baron, Boatbuilder

170 Old Chequessett Neck Rd, Wellfleet, MA 02667

custom building
repairs
restorations

LABRIE
SMALL
CRAFT

16' cruising kayak

© Dick Newick, design #153

www.labriesmallcraft.com (207) 570-2300

Hadden Boat Company

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



Our Current Project
36' Vinnie Cavanaugh Replica

11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548
(207) 371-2662

BURNHAM BOAT BUILDING & DESIGN

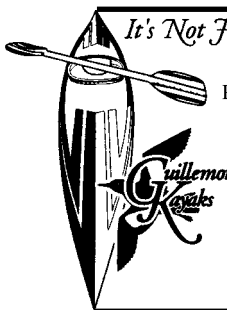


11 BURNHAM CT.
P.O. Box 541
Essex, MA 01929
978-768-2569

BURNHAMBOATBUILDING.COM

CAPT. HAROLD A. BURNHAM
DESIGNER, SAWYER, SHIPWRIGHT,
AND SAILMAKER

It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!



Unique Wood-Strip
Performance, Sea Kayaks

**Kits, Plans &
Finished Boats**

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
54 South Rd.
Groton, CT 06340-4624
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>

Plans & Kits



Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95
NOW ON DVD ALSO

Monford Associates
50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578
(207) 882-5504



<gaboats.com>

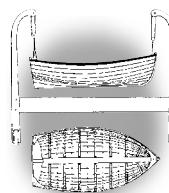
Jordan Wood Boats

P.O. Box 194, South Beach, OR 97366
541-867-3141

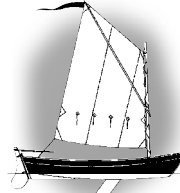
www.jordanwoodboats.com

Distinctive Boat Designs

Meticulously Developed and Drawn
For the Amateur Builder



CRADLE BOAT
BABY TENDER



BEACH CRUISER
FOOTLOOSE



*The Day Every Man
Dreams of...*

...the day he launches a new boat.

Award Winning Boat Kits

PYGMY
BOATS INC

www.pygmyboats.com

This Space Available \$18 per Issue

Advertising Must be for Plans or Kits
For Details: maib.office@gmail.com

WESTON FARMER

BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034

THE SIMMONS



Classics of the North Carolina coast

18-, 20- & 22-foot plans available

- ~ Outstandingly seaworthy vessels
- ~ 30 mps with low power
- ~ Light & simple; plywood lapstrake construction
- ~ Detailed plans & directions; no lofting



Cape Fear Museum
Wilmington, NC
910.798.4371
capefearmuseum.com

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS



MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits

Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts
Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware

Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted
Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog \$1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS
Dept. M, PO Box 2863
Prince Frederick, MD 20678, USA

Visit our Home Page at
<http://www.seaworthysmallships.com>

DUCKWORKS BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

low prices, fast service

www.duckworksbbbs.com



SWIFTY 12



A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$1500. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Demonstration video, \$20, DVD.

SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645
www.shellboats.com

H.H. PAYSON AND COMPANY



**Plans • Patterns • Articles • Books
Instant Boat Series • Downeast Dorries • Model Building**

Visit our website @ www.instantboats.com
Call, write or email for information or help with your project.

H.H. Payson & Company
PO Box 122
Spruce Head, ME 04859

**Going forward in the spirit and tradition of Dynamite Payson.
Just Do It!**

Dennis Hansen Boatbuilder

207-594-7587



CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT THE BEST BOATS YOU CAN BUILD.™



Wood Duck 10



Chesapeake 17LT



Shearwater 17



Eastport Pram

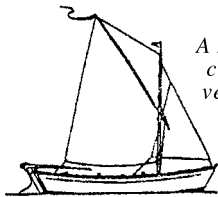


Northeaster Dory

and more than 80 other boat kits!

**For a free catalog of boat kits, plans, and
boatbuilding materials, visit clcboats.com
or call 410.267.0137**

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



*A range of small
craft plans for
very easy home
building in
plywood*

For details, visit the website:
www.broadlyboats.com/sections

or contact:
CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER

**15 Lanyard PI
Woodbridge, Suffolk
IP12 1FE
United Kingdom
Tel +44 1394 383491**



BUFFLEHEAD

15.5'x33" plans
for experienced builders

**HUGH HORTON
SMALL BOATS**

SOLID COMFORT BOATS
8471 SW CR 347
Cedar Key, FL 32625
huhorton@gmail.com



21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors
Photo by Bill Ling



ATKIN

Atkin illustrated catalog. Containing more than 300 Atkins designs and new text. Famed Atkins double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities and houseboats. \$15.00 U.S. and Canada (post paid) and \$22.00 U.S. overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN BOAT PLANS

P.O. Box 3005M, Noroton, CT 06820
apatkin@aol.com
www.atkinboatplans.com

Kudzu Craft

Fuselage frame kayaks and canoes
Full sized plans, frame kits, supplies, boats
kudzucraft.com



Mess About kayak
Fishing version



Built by the designer's 10 yr old daughter, Grace's Tender is a great introduction to boatbuilding, sailing and generally messing about in boats. 8 ft long, weighs 55 lb. Plans, a 2 hour DVD, kits available.

ARCH DAVIS DESIGN

37 Doak Rd, Belfast, ME 04915.
207-930-9873.
www.archdavisdesigns.com

Robb White & Sons Sport Boat

Handy, pretty, proven 16'x43" strip planked skiff will plane two adults with 4hp. Full size mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75 Photos & specs at www.robbwhite.com.

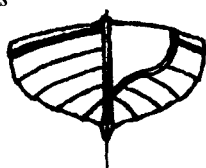
Robb White & Sons

P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799



Supplies

**William Clements
Boat Builder
Since 1980**



P.O. Box 87
No. Billerica, MA 01862
<bill@boatbldr.com>
<www.boatbldr.com>

WOOD/CANVAS CANOE RESTORATIONS

RESTORATION SUPPLIES and TOOLS

SILICON BRONZE AND BRASS WOOD SCREWS
CANOE CANVAS • TRADITIONAL CANVAS FILLER
BRASS CANOE TACKS & STEMBANDS
AND MORE!!

For free catalog call (978) 663-3103

MAINE COAST LUMBER, INC.

17 White Birch Lane
York, ME 03909
(207) 363-7426
(800) 899-1664
Fax (207) 363-8650
M-F 7am-5pm



4 Warren Ave.
Westbrook, ME 04902
(207) 856-6015
(877) 408-4751
Fax (207) 856-6971
M-F 7:30am-4:30pm
Saturday 8am-12pm

HARDWOOD LUMBER • SOFTWOOD LUMBER •
HARDWOOD PLYWOODS • MELAMINE • MDF •
MARINE PLYWOODS • MDO • PARTICLE BOARD •
SLATWALL • LAMINATE • EDGE BANDING • VENEER •
HARDWOOD MOLDINGS • CUSTOM MILLING

We Deliver
ME, NH, VT, MA, RI

www.maine coastlumber.com
email: info@mainecoastlumber.com



We ship UPS

Small-Craft & Cruising Sails

Bermudan, gaff, gunter, lug, sprit, etc.
for skiffs or schooners

Aerodynamic designs in
white, cream, tanbark and
Oceanus

Photos, quotes at
www.dabblersails.com

e-mail - dab@crosslink.net
ph/fax 804-580-8723
or write us at PO Box 235
Wicomico Church, VA 22579



Stuart K. Hopkins, sole prop

SPACE AVAILABLE

If you offer a product that might be of
interest to small boat folks you can let
them know about it right here for only
\$18 a month. Interested?

Contact Us
MAIB, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984
maib.office@gmail.com
(978) 774-0906



Sail for a canoe

Excellent quality and design
\$325.00 plus shipping -
National Sailing Committee
American Canoe Association

Pay to: C. Sutherland
Send to:
Chuck Sutherland
2210 Finland Rd.
Green Lane, PA 18054

For info and
Free rig plans
seashell@entermail.net
www.enter.net/~skimmer

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.
New supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.
1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721



UNIQUE ARAN, CELTIC, AND GUERNSEY
SWEATERS HAND KNIT FROM NATURAL,
UNDYED WOOD SPUN IN MAINE.

THE YARN IN THESE SWEATERS IS SPUN AT
BARTLETT YARDS ON A SPINNING MULE
SYSTEM CREATED NEARLY 200 YEARS AGO.
SINCE IT RETAINS ITS NATURAL LANOLIN,
IT IS WATER RESISTANT.

BEAUTIFUL, RUGGED, AND STRIKING, THESE
SWEATERS WILL KEEP YOU WARM AT WORK
OR PLAY.

FOR SAMPLE PHOTOS VISIT US AT OUR WEB
SITE OR E-MAIL FOR INFORMATION.

www.sv-moonshadow.com
sweaters@sv-moonshadow.com



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios
for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large
fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven
materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials.
Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the
lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store
hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us
or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

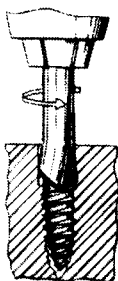
RAKA Marine

3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571
Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070
www.raka.com



UNSCREW-UMS™ broken-screw extractors

Remove damaged fastenings. Minimal damage to wood. Hollow tool uses stub as guide. Sizes to remove screws from No. 2 to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.



T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709
unscrew-ums@tltools.com
www.tltools.com

OARSMAN MARINE TALLOW

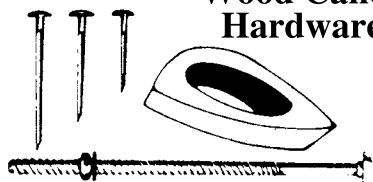
*Traditional Oar Leather
& Oarlock Lubricant*

1/4 pint & 1/2 pint sizes

"Why settle for second best?"

Swanson Boat Company
420 Broad St., Windsor, CT 06095
Phone: 860-299-6502
E-Mail: Rodger Swanson412@comcast.net
R.C. Swanson, Proprietor

Wood Canoe Hardware



CANOE HARDWARE

1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16" Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear White Cedar. Price List Available.

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP

Ph: (888) 564-1020

Fax: (207) 564-3667

Web: www.woodencanoes.com

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS

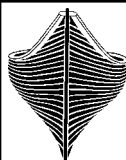


16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.net

Only \$9 Per Month to Advertise Your Boating Related Supplies in This Spot

Contact us at:
maib.office@gmail.com

Quality Cedar Strips MAS Epoxy Supplies • Tools

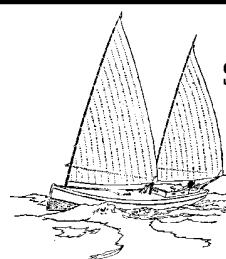


CANOE, KAYAK & ROWING BOAT KITS

**the NEWFOUND
WOODWORKS inc.**

603-744-6872

www.newfound.com



Small Craft Sails by Sew Tec

Any Sail, Traditional to High Tech,
to 100 sq. ft.

Re-cuts, Repairs & Custom Canvas Work
22 years in business

sewttec@hughes.net - 850-773-7929

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

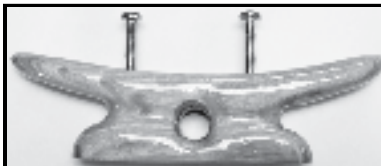
Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307

Smithfield, RI 02917-0704

Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029



Ash, cherry, or oak cleats,
hand-rubbed finish,
several styles available at

WoodMarineCleats.com

or call 906-644-7610
for custom work

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS AND MARINE SUPPLY

- Complete hand lay-up fiberglass supplies for light & heavy fiberglass or wood boat repair & construction
- Polyester, Epoxy, Vinylester Marine Grade Resins
- Marine Topside Enamels & Antifouling Bottom Paint
- Silicon Bronze & Stainless Steel Fasteners

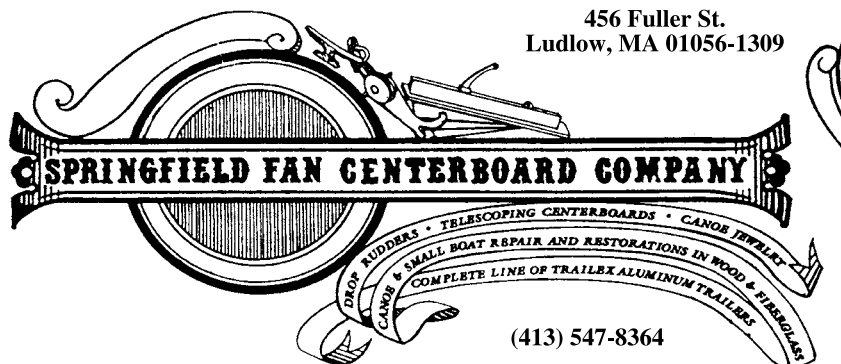
Quality Brand Name Products

Competitive Pricing
All items in stock for
immediate shipment

Online catalog
www.mertons.com
call 800-333-0314
P.O. Box 399
East Longmeadow,
MA 01028

**Supplying Quality Products
To Boat Owners,
Hull Finishers & Boatyards
for over 20 years.**

800-333-0314



456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309

SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY

TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

(413) 547-8364

CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE



16' Wayfarer Sailboat, #9905, new '99, exc cond; vy gd main, genoa & storm jib; gd Cradle Ride trlr; summer cover by Hans Gotchling; 9' Shaw & Tenney oars (no motor); tenderly treated & still beautiful; described in *MAIB* p.1011, April 15, 2005. \$5,800.

HAROLD WOLFSON, Larchmont, NY, (914) 8346229, wolfson20@juno.com (5)



'89 Sam Devlin 22' Surf Scooter, in exc cond w/'94 45hp Honda 4-stroke o/b, galv trlr w/electric winch, surge brakes. Manual anchor winch, GPS, VHF, head w/holding tank, mizzen sail canvas & screens for all openings. A beauty, forced to sell because of ill health. If seriously interested call me at JIM TOMKINS, (716) 773-5268, jtboatwork@gmail.com. (4)



16' Robb White Sportboat, made from eastern white cedar w/African mahogany gunwales, seats & transom. 94lbs, cartopable, see <http://www.robwhite.com/sportboat.html> and this is my boat. \$1,800. I may be able to help with delivery. Pictures & more information available. HENRY CHAMPAGNEY, Greenback, TN, (865) 8565853, h2champs@aol.com (5) (P)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



14' John Gardner Designed Spirit Whitehall, cedar on oak construction w/mahogany thwarts & sheer plank. Sprit rig w/small jib. Sails, spars & 2 pr oars incl. Trlr incl. All gear stores inside boat on trlr for easy travel. Sailed for many years, then put into indoor storage. Recently completely restored, the hull, spars, and oars have all been refinished. \$9,400. Located near Pittsburgh, PA. ROB HALLETT, (412) 965- 1372. (4)



1910 English-built "Ashcroft Method" 10' Sailing Dinghy, All compl & original. Diagonal veneer Honduras mahogany hull, fir spars, Egyptian cotton sail. Wonderfully Edwardian! Boston area. \$1,200/bo. JAMES RICHARDSON, Essex, MA ballawray@mac.com



14'Swampscott Sailing Dory, beautifully built w/contemporary materials following traditional design. Electric trolling motor built into the skeg. New galv trlr. Won the 2010 People's Choice Award at the 2010 Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival. Too many features to mention. **24' Black-watch Cat Boat**, completely restored cutter rig cat boat w/galv trlr, 4hp, 4stroke Yamaha o/b. \$15,250. **Quickstep 21**, in gd cond w/Triad trlr. Main, roller jib & drifter all in gd shape. \$9,750. All located in Maine.

ALAN BOYES, Trevett, ME, (207) 6335341. (4)



Florida Bay Peep Hen, by Sovereign Yachts, '97. 15'x6"x18." 300lbs. ballast. 119sf gaff (cat) rig, easily raised & lowered. 5hp 4-stroke Mercury o/b, 5hrs. Trlr w/jack & spare. Cruising amenities above deck incl cockpit cushions, bimini, & screened cockpit enclosure. Below are 2 berths, small galley, portable head & plenty of stowage. Forward on deck is a well for ground tackle. Condition of all components is exc. \$4,995. BILL LONG, NJ, (856) 786-1599, goldendoldies56@yahoo.com (4)

Fleet Reduction, must reduce my "More Boats than Brains" fleet by parting with Sweet Dream 13' ultralight solo canoe. Built at WoodenBoat School under tutelage of its designer Marc Pettin-gill. Little used. Incl book w/all building informa-tion. Price reduced to \$999. **Dyer 7'11" Sailing Dinghy**, bought new by me in '88, used only for occasional racing, w/limited salt exposure. Stored inside. Multicolor sail still "crinkly", varnish & fg in ex cond. Incl oars. Nearly new cond, delivered in So. New England for \$2,600 (far less than new boat today.) KEN WEEKS, W. Hartford CT, (860) 5212225, kwweeksc&comcast.net (5)

18' Cape Cod Baby Knockabout, centerboard model, sound hull, boom, trlr, no mast. Stem head broken at deck level. BUD, (610) 9429806. (4)



30' 1964 GRP Cruiser, Dutch built, for sailing the North Sea. Compl w/everything ready to set sail. Cruised from Eastport, ME to Key West, FL and Boston, MA to Halifax, NS. Clean, well organized, comfortable (52" wide double bed). New cabin cushions. Tanbark sails in exc cond. W/rowing/sailing dinghy. Wherever you go people will ad-mire & ask you about this boat! Located near Port-land ME. \$11,500. DAVID BANKS, ME, (207) 727-7655, yclept@myottmail.com (4)

GEAR FOR SALE

'69 Evinrude "Big Twin", 2-cyl, 40hp o/b, nice cond, electric start. Perfect engine for a vintage runabout. \$375. **'63 Evinrude "Big Twin"**, 2-cyl, 2-cycle 40hp o/b, nice cond, fresh water only, elec-tric start, factory wiring diagram, stand included. This is the perfect engine for a vintage runabout. \$425. Email for jpgs. CHUCK YAHRLING, ME, (207) 548-2970, b355_etude@yahoo.com (4)

Antique Woodworking Barn & Boatbuilding Tools, disbanding my 40year collection of tools, including lignum vitae, beechwood, maple and steel planes, slicks, broad axes and hatchet, mor-tise axe, ice axe, Disston saws, lip adzes, RR spike hammer & engineer's screwdriver, several augers, drawknives, Stanley levels, pump log auger, 2man saws, bucksaw, froe, splitting maul, bark spud, breast drill, corner chisels, Stanley scraper, jig saw, English brace, dividers, spokeshaves, uphol-tery hammer, wagon spoke sharpener, try squares, wooden screw clamps & many more odd & inter-esting items. For a complete lists w/dimensions & descriptions & photos, email me. DOUG MAASS, Sleepy Hollow, NY, (914) 6317541, dougmaass.org (4)

There is nothing—absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

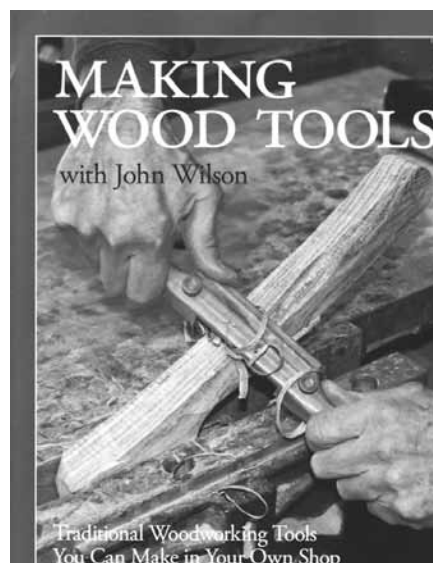
Famous Quotation & Illustration from *The Wind in the Willows*

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. Tee Shirts, Long Sleeve Tees, Sweatshirts, and Tote Bags. Order on-line or by mail. Visit www.messingabout.com for more info or to print an order form.

THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20901 (301) 589-9391 (voice mail only)

FREE – 6hp Seagull O/B, for parts. REID WEEDON, Cohasset, MA (781-383-6284/ weedonjr@gmail.com

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



Making Wood Tools, by John Wilson. Veteran toolmaker and teacher John Wilson brings us what may be both the most beautiful book of the year as well as the most useful. Interesting stories, innova-tive designs and detailed plans introduce you to the age-old art of making for yourself the tools you use in your shop for working wood. 275 photos and 50 drawings. See our website ShakerOvalBox.com for a preview of the book. Call John at (517) 543-5325 and mention you are a subscriber to *MAIB* and receive \$10 off the \$39.95 price. THE HOME SHOP, Charlotte, MI, (517) 543-5325. (TFP)

IMAGINE THE PRIDE YOU'LL FEEL on the water in a boat built with your own two hands. Send \$9.95 for Book of Boat Designs describing 300 boats you can build. GLEN-L, 9152 Rosecrans Ave, Bellflower, CA 90706. 888-700-5007, www.Glen-L.com/MA (on-line catalog). (TFP)

WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE/RENT

Perfect Florida Waterfront House, 260 Cadiz Ct., Merritt Island, quiet end of street location w/176' frontage on Sykes Creek. 180° view of creek & nature preserve across creek. Covered boat lift & canoe launch. Side yard storage for trlr, RV, boats. Water distance to Indian River 2mi, Ba-nana River 2mi, and marinas for deep draft boats 1 mi. Atlantic Ocean 7mi. Cruise ships & beaches 7 mi. Rt 95 8mi. Orlando airport 42mi. 4br/2b new roof. Selling due to age & health. JIM WONNELL, Merritt Island, FL, Call Pruden-tial Star (321) 698-2382. (5)

The Perfect Place to Mess About in Maine, beau-tiful year-round home for the price of a camp. Pri-vate 1-1/2 acres in Princeton (called the "Sports-man's Paradise" because of its great boating, fishing & hunting) on Grand Falls Flowage of the St. Croix River, w/access to miles & miles of boat-able water stretching all the way to Canada. 300'+ of waterfront on 2 sides, nicely landscaped, par-tially fenced. Home features huge master bedroom suite w/great river view (could be divided into 2 bedrooms if desired), 1-1/2 baths, nice kitchen, exc insulation, easy-to-winterize plumbing for seasonal use. Town water, dock, big 2-story garage in which to build boats & store your toys. Asking \$129,000. Please contact owner for more details. CHARLIE EWERS, (301) 687-1024, charlieew-ers@yahoo.com. (3)

Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

messing
about in
BOATS



Mail Orders

12 Months — \$32 (Payable by Check)

To: Messing About in Boats

29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-1943

**3 Months Trial Subscription — \$8
Mail Order Only**

Internet Orders

12 Months — \$36 (Payable by Credit Card)

To: www.duckworksbbbs.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted

Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

Safe Orderly Boating



messing about in **BOATS**

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

413

PRSRT STD
US POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMIT #148

ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT

6821 RT 7, N Ferrisburgh, VT 05473
(802) 425-3926 guideboat@together.net
www.adirondack-guide-boat.com

UPCOMING SHOWS

April 12-14 SE US Boat Show, Jacksonville FL
Apr 18-21 Bay Bridge Boat Show, Stevensville MD
Apr 26-28 Annapolis Spring Sailboat Show, MD
May 3-5 Fine Furnishings Show, Maryland Fairgrounds

Here are some of our favorite boating photos. Shoot us an e-mail and we'll send a color version of whichever you like.

We are finally at the season when we can begin doing on-the-water demos of our boats. If you'd like to set something up with us at the shop...give us a call or an e-mail. Or, if you'd like to do it at (or en route to) one of the shows listed above, give Steve a call and he'll find a way to accommodate you. His number is 802.734.0102

